

# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

1872

March.

## MARIA DOROTHEA AND THE PROTESTANT CHURCH IN HUNGARY.

ON the evening of the 25th September, 1870, a company of distinguished clergymen met in the hall of the Christian Association in the city of New York. They had come together to consider the interests of the United Catholic Church. Representatives of various sects from different nations, all united in one common bond, were there. There were persons of noble presence and graceful oratory, who moved the hearts of their auditors by their eloquence, while there were others who produced the same impression by their unadorned exhibition of religious truth.

In this company sat one not remarkable for grace or eloquence, but whose expression was so kind, so gentle and benevolent, that the eye of the observer again and again turned upon his plain and honest face with increasing interest and satisfaction. He spoke briefly and brokenly with a strong foreign accent, but his simple words were evidently the breathings of an earnest heart.

The gentleman was the Rev. Rudolf Koenig, pastor of the German Reformed Church of Pesth. He had come to America to plead for Hungary, and to tell the story of God's marvelous work in that country.

The narration is so full of interest that we are glad to condense it from several sources, and thus present it in an abridged form to others. After its frequent and cruel persecutions in former days, the Protestant Church of Hungary in the year 1832 still numbered about 2,484,000 nominal members; but its vitality and power were gone. "The soul slept under the ashes of the past," and the orthodox creed did not bring forth the religious life. As an En-

glishman once said to them, "You have plenty of Protestantism, but very little Gospel."

At the period of which we speak the royal castle of Buda, which still stands on the vine-covered bank of the Danube that overlooks the crowded city of Pesth, was the residence of the Archduke Joseph, Viceroy of Hungary, and his excellent wife, Maria Dorothea, a princess of Wartenburg.

The Duchess had been educated in infidel opinions, but when disciplined in the school of suffering she learned how insufficient they are to heal the broken heart. The death of her son, a youth of great promise, drove her to the study of God's Word, and thereby led her to the feet of the Savior. With new views of the responsibility of her station, she turned from her own personal grief with earnest desires to do something to promote the spiritual welfare of her people. But her husband was not of her mind; she found no sympathy anywhere, and she could only pray that God, in some way, by some means, would send her an assistant and guide.

For seven years her prayers were unanswered, and she lived without Christian companionship. As she looked through the windows of her palace on the city at her feet and the wide plains beyond, she would often stretch forth her arms to heaven in an agony of prayer, that on those people sitting in darkness might dawn the Light of life.

Was such prayer ever unanswered? It requires credulity to believe that the singular combination of circumstances that followed was the result of chance, rather than a special answer of Him who hears and answers prayer.

In 1839 a deputation of learned ministers was sent from Scotland to inquire into the state of the Jews in the various countries of their

dispersion, in order to find a suitable station in which to plant a mission for their benefit. Liberty was given them to go almost anywhere but into the Austrian Empire, as its intolerant spirit was well known. Through an accident, however, which befell one of their number, they were led to alter their intended route and return by the way of the Danube. Thus, contrary to their original purpose, they were brought to the city of Pesth, where Dr. Keith fell dangerously ill, and was delayed at the Queen of England's hotel in that city.

Miss Pardoe, the English authoress, hearing of this circumstance, hastened to inform the Archduchess of it. She immediately went to the sufferer, and, ministering to him with her own hands, nursed him through a protracted illness until his final recovery. In Dr. Keith she saw the messenger of God for whom she had prayed.

During his convalescence he learned much of the spiritual destitution of Hungary, and the Duchess promised that if a Protestant mission were established in the country she would uphold it to the extent of her power. Under these circumstances a Protestant mission was planted in Pesth in the year 1841 by the Free Church of Scotland.

Just at this time the beautiful suspension bridge, which connects Pesth with Buda, was building. Most of the engineers and many of the workmen were English, and they expressed a desire to have religious services in their own language. This wish was eagerly met by the missionaries, who were glad to preach in English while they were learning the Hungarian tongue. The services were numerous attended by both Christians and Jews, although another service in German was also held. The English language became a favorite study in Pesth. Social opportunities for sowing the Gospel seed were not neglected, and thus the foundation of a Protestant Church was quietly laid in the heart of a despotic empire.

A cheering event to the missionaries took place soon after. At midsummer in 1842, without previous arrangement or design, several Christian ministers met on the same steamer and landed together in the city of Pesth. They were joyfully received by the missionaries, who, seeing the hand of God in the meeting, proposed to turn it into a season of united prayer for the further success of his Word.

It proved a pentecostal season, and manifold blessings descended on the mission from that time. From midsummer to the ensuing Winter religious impressions deepened and spread.

Meanwhile Maria Dorothea watched the

spreading work with anxious solicitude and joyful hopes. On more than one occasion she was heard to say, with deep emotion, that she would joyfully lay down her life for the sake of the Protestant Church in Hungary. Its restoration must be found in her prayers.

The great success which had followed the efforts of the missionaries caused them employment day and night. Both Jews and Christians flocked to them for religious counsel. Among them were two medical students, one a Jew and the other a Protestant. The former boldly professed Christ, and after a short life of great usefulness calmly entered into his rest. Among other good works he founded a school, which greatly assisted the mission. Just before he died he wrote to a friend, "To suffer, to endure, to hope, to believe, and, therefore, be inwardly happy, yea, right royally glad—that is our motto and watch-word."

The career of his companion did not terminate in such brightness. After many struggles he resolved to devote himself to the ministry; and to pass through the usual routine of study he went to Presburg. His brilliant talents and fine character made him a universal favorite, and his influence over his associates might have been powerful for good; but, alas! after a time the moral atmosphere around him poisoned his soul, and he became a wretched doubter. During the revolutionary war in 1848 and 1849 he joined the patriotic band, and was killed by a cannon-ball. "I was never able to learn whether any change had taken place in his views," adds his affectionate chronicler. "Many years have passed away since then, but to this day I can not think of his name without emotion."

The conversion of an Irish gentleman with his family also produced a lasting impression. They had come to Pesth about a year previously. On their arrival the missionaries called, and invited them to attend their religious services, which were conducted in German. They accepted the invitation somewhat hesitatingly, and their attendance was at first irregular and indifferent. But after a time the Gospel penetrated their souls. The whole family was brought under its influence, and the household became a home of living faith.

The conversion of another family had a still greater effect upon those who saw the wonderful work of God in Pesth. The father of the family\* was said to be the most learned Jew in Hungary, and the chief Rabbi's bosom friend.

\* This was the Rev. Saphir, father of the Rev. Adolf Saphir, whose religious writings have so profited and delighted the Church.

He was also esteemed for his singular probity and philanthropy throughout the empire. A hundred other conversions would not have attracted as much notice. When the father with his whole family publicly received baptism he gave a most solemn and affecting testimony, not only to the truth of the Gospel of Christ, but also to the experience of it in his own soul. There was a power, a simplicity, and a truth in his words that carried conviction to many hearts. It was said that such a witness for Christ had not been given in Pesth since the days of the Reformation. The event created the deepest sensation throughout Hungary.

Other channels of usefulness were gradually opened to the mission at Pesth.

The first of these was a school, which took its rise at the bedside of a sick convert. At first it numbered but one pupil, then two, and, within a fortnight, upward of twenty. It went on increasing till in subsequent years it contained more than three hundred. "One of the most interesting and affecting spectacles I ever beheld," says the Rev. Mr. Smith, "was this suffering disciple in the midst of his little flock. His whole appearance betokened extreme weakness and pain, but through the cloud there beamed forth a countenance full of intelligence, love, and a certain eagerness of energy inseparable from the Jew when his heart is engaged. One could not but feel that a great moral force was engaged and look for corresponding results." These were soon shown in the improvement of the children and in the blessed impression made on their hearts. Both Jews and Protestants attended the school, but no compromise was made in the character of the teaching. Jesus as the Messiah was distinctly set forth. Jewish parents were grateful for the privilege of sending their children. "Though we have not faith enough ourselves to sacrifice all for Christ's sake, and to suffer beggary and starvation when cast out by our people," they said, "we wish our children brought up as Christians." "There is life among you; with us there is nothing but death." The synagogue made efforts to put down the school. At one time the Government threatened to suppress it, and it was only preserved through the passionate entreaties of the parents themselves. The voice of this school echoed throughout Hungary.

The missionaries thought it would be well to send a few young men specially trained for the work of evangelists about the kingdom. But it was too daring to send a proselyting company under such an intolerant government. The men were ready, but the door was not open. Maria Dorothea, who had already risked much, waited

in faith and prayer for an opportunity to speak on this subject to her husband. Great prudence was required in doing this. Now mark the providence of God.

Just at this time there was a fearful outbreak among the peasants of Austrian Poland. They massacred the proprietors and destroyed their lands. This is matter of history. The Archduke, who seemed really to desire the welfare of his people, was deeply troubled. The Archduchess found him walking up and down his apartment, and asked him the cause of his agitation. He answered, "It is nothing personal, but I have been thinking of these fearful atrocities in Poland, and I have come to the conclusion that unless the Bible is circulated among this people, and they get good this way, no other means will raise them from their present degradation." We can readily imagine how the heart of this noble woman must have leaped with gratitude and joy at hearing such a declaration from her Roman Catholic husband. She immediately asked, "If an attempt of this kind were made in Hungary, would you give it your protection?" "Yes, I certainly would," he answered.

The Archduchess then told him of all that had taken place. He had learned to think well of the missionaries, and spoke of their prudence and caution while residing at Pesth. He sent them a message by his wife, empowering them to carry on their work, but to do it quietly. If they met with opposition they must report to himself. His own power, however, he said, was limited, and if the supreme government at Vienna knew of his allowing the circulation of the Bible he might have trouble.

Without any noise or parade the young evangelists were sent forth with the Bible in their hands. Every-where they were joyfully received. It was enough that they came from Pesth, where God had worked so marvelously. Their whole journey abounded with beautiful episodes, of which we have space to relate but one. It is a Bible picture, reproduced by one of the evangelists and a young Jewish merchant. They were obliged to room together one night, by reason of a fair which crowded the village and inn where they accidentally met. The evangelist remarked that the merchant, after he had retired to rest, continued to read earnestly in a book by the light of a candle which sat beside his bed. On inquiring what the book was that interested him so deeply, he said it was a New Testament, and added, "When I was in Pesth I heard a Scotch missionary, who said something that took hold of my mind, and I can not get over the impres-

sion." Then came Philip's question, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" with the same answer given hundreds of years since by another seeking disciple. The young merchant was surprised that his companion was an evangelist from Pesth, and gladly listened to the explanation of the Gospel from his lips. It has been well said that "the pictures of the Bible never fade."

Another source of influence was opened to the missionaries by the friendship of some of the Hungarian pastors. They were generally accomplished and noble-minded men, who from the first received the ministers with candor and frankness. Their prejudices, however, were against their peculiar ways. But when they saw the great power of God so singularly displayed in the conversion of souls, they laid aside prejudice and enlisted themselves heartily on their side. The formation of a weekly clerical conference increased the Catholic spirit among them, and in evil days afterward the best men at the head of the Lutheran and Reformed Churches stood like a tower of strength beside them. When, after the revolution of 1848, the Austrian Government determined to throw itself into the arms of Rome and the Concordat, these excellent men used all their influence with the Government to uphold the Scottish missionaries.

In 1847 the Archduke died, it is believed, a sincere Christian. He had for some time been a regular reader of the Scriptures, and learned from them the way of salvation through Christ. Some weeks before his last illness he told the Archduchess that he had been reviewing his past life, and every-where discovered sin, but he put his entire trust in the merits and righteousness of Christ. A few hours before his death his wife said, "As you are now so soon to stand before the judgment-seat of God, I wish to hear from you for the last time what is the ground on which you rest your hope." "On the blood of Christ alone," with a strong emphasis on the last word.

No empty mummeries were muttered over his dying bed, though after his decease the priests took possession of his lifeless form, and performed the usual rites of the Church. We have seen how God caused the mission, small and feeble at first, to take deep root until it spread over the land. It had grown up under the sunshine and the shower, but the years 1848 and 1849 brought storms and inundations to test its strength.

In those years woe and desolation came upon Hungary. A tide of blood swept over the land. Pesth was three times bombarded. The for-

tress of Buda was taken and retaken by contending forces. The institutions of the missionaries were entirely broken up, and, though they had never interfered with politics, they were threatened on every side. Protestantism became synonymous with revolution, and the Government threatened a violent reaction against its former tolerance. The Archduke's voice was hushed in death. The Archduchess, in the palace of Angerten, was really a prisoner in every thing but the name. Their hedges were broken down, and the vineyard which God had planted seemed about to be destroyed.

In January, 1852, the overhanging cloud discharged itself. The missionaries were summoned before the Austrian officials to learn that an order had come from Vienna for their expulsion from the kingdom within ten days. In vain they pleaded their right of citizenship, the illness of their families, and the inclemency of the weather. They were in the midst of a Hungarian Winter, when the frozen Danube was banked up and impeded with ice. But their protest was of no avail. After using every effort in their power, they dispatched a messenger to Lord Westmoreland, the British ambassador at Vienna. That nobleman, however, was too deeply engaged in composing a sonata to the Virgin, to be performed at court, to waste his time upon them.

"So Nero fiddled 'mid the flames of Rome."

On a dark and dreary Winter morning, after a sleepless night passed in prayer and preparation for their painful journey, the missionaries ended their ten years' sojourn in a country so endeared to them by labor and success. Hundreds of weeping friends, among whom were the pastors of the Reformed Churches, accompanied them to the station, and their pitying faces were the last objects seen from the railway carriage that bore them onward.

The hand of the sower was checked by arbitrary force, but immortal seed had been sown in Hungary. Though their stock of Bibles was sent to the paper-mill, and their schools uprooted, a living Church is replanted in the land. Colporteurs go unrestricted through the country, and the Bible is eagerly received. Schools and missions flourish, and a Protestant hospital in Pesth has won the confidence of every sect. In 1852 the missionaries, Messrs. Smith and Wingate, were expelled like criminals from Hungary. In 1866 their successor, Mr. Koenig, was graciously received by the Emperor, Francis Joseph, when he sought, on behalf of his German Reformed people, a site for a new church and school.



All who have read the account of the mission in Hungary must feel an interest in the subsequent history of her who was its watching guardian and intrepid friend. Many sorrows came to the Archduchess with the death of her husband. Immediately after this, in 1847, she was, contrary to her will, carried by an imperial order to Vienna. There, in the palace of the Angarten, she was surrounded by spies, and kept all but in name a prisoner. The pastors of Pesth were rarely allowed to visit her. The Church for which she had periled liberty, power, and favor, lay unresisting at the feet of a despotic emperor. But one voice was raised in its behalf, and that voice issued from the imperial palace. She whose prayers had kindled the first spark of reform in Hungary, and nourished the flickering flame, continued to plead in its behalf.

In 1855 she came, in her usual health, on a visit to her beloved city of Pesth. Soon after her arrival she was seized with an influenza which assumed a typhoid character. She was most tenderly nursed by her children, the Archduke Joseph and her daughter Elizabeth, wife of the Archduke Ferdinand. The Protestant pastors were freely admitted to her sick-room, and during the last days of her life they never left her. Only relieving each other at intervals, their whole time was spent in prayer and in reading the Holy Scriptures to the dying saint. It was inexpressibly comforting to her to be brought so near those from whom she had been forcibly separated in life. Supported by the prayers of her own heart's people, sustained by their sympathies, and comforted by their love, she entered into rest March 30, 1855. Her work was done, and no farther reason remained for the continuance of her life. She lies with her husband and son, in the palace of Buda, in the land for which she yearned so touchingly when exiled from it.

I have been lately shown a sketch of the castle of Buda. I did not look at it so earnestly because of its ancient grandeur and romantic history, neither did I care for its royal founder, nor for the twenty sieges that had prostrated it only to make it rise each time in fresh beauty from its ruins. My thought was only of Maria Dorothea, the tender woman, the intrepid saint, who may be styled the guardian angel of the Protestant Church in Hungary.

To the attentive eye each moment of the year has its own beauty, and in the same field it beholds, every hour, a picture which was never seen before.

## AMONG THE ALPS.

ROMANTIC little Switzerland is like a variegated robe thrown over the back of a reclining camel—partly perched on top, partly sloping down the sides, or resting upon the ground, yet all of it in close relation to the camel. Here is Lucerne, nestling in a fold of the robe; yet even here we can look up the slopes of the camel's hump. Here is the Lake of the Four Cantons, formed in a hollow of the robe. Mount Pilatus reflects his huge form in the glassy waters. The Rigi lifts his lofty head to look across the lake, away to the snow-crowned Alps. Whoever wishes to ascend the Rigi can do so now with but little labor—a railroad conducts crowds of tourists almost to the very top—a cog-wheel, fitting to a cogged track, is the simple mechanism that has solved this problem of ages—to climb steep mountains easily. The view from the summit is grand exceedingly, extending over a circuit of three hundred miles. Thirteen lakes—like bits of heaven let down to earth—intersperse the vast field of vision with celestial beauty.

Crossing the lake southward, we go by "diligence" through the Brunig Pass—wild, gloomy, awful, with a grandeur all its own—and, taking steamer again across Lake Brienz, arrive at charming little Interlaken, in full view of the Jungfrau. One could scarcely look upon a more fascinating object. A glittering cone of silver, partly hidden in a canopy of clouds, is first revealed to view; and then, as the sun goes down, the silver turns to gold, the clouds are lifted, and a mass of splendor attracts and fixes the gaze till Night drops her curtain upon the scene. Jungfrau—that is, *young woman*, or *young wife*—is the name they have given to this thing of beauty—a wife always adorned in snowy bridal robes, glittering with diamonds—and when the bridegroom sun greets her with his morning beams, she blushes with delight. A stern, cold beauty, is this bride, withal. She hurls the avalanche from her icy throne, and pours the glacier from the hollow of her hand; the lightning flashes from her stormy brow; and up, far up, among her wintery palaces, she has deep dungeons, and sepulchers, and burial shrouds for the unwary traveler.

There is much to be seen on the route across Lake Thun, and through the towns of Berne, Freiburg, and Lausanne, and on the shores of the lovely Lake of Geneva; but these are not the Alps. Mont Blanc appears in sight for hours before reaching it. The Tête Noir Pass, with its gloomy splendors, is a fitting line of approach. The pass seems almost on a level

with the distant mountain—its white top looking like a mass of domes and minarets on some grand temple. By and by the glacier d'Argentiere flashes upon the vision: we pass right by its base, and look far up along its crystal course, and hear the ceaseless roar of the stream that issues from its mouth. From the village of Châmoûny, in the deep, narrow valley of the same name, the highest point of Mont Blanc can be seen all day long. The eye never wearies of turning to that peak piercing the sky, and those immense drifts of snow, resting as calmly there as though no swift sunbeam had ever told them that Summer had come long ago. There Winter never lays down his scepter. He flaunts his banners in the face of the burning sky, nor heeds the mighty sun filling the valleys with his furnace fires.

In front of us is the glacier des Bossons, perhaps the most brilliant of all, because so much of it is seen at one glance, and because it appears comparatively clear of impurities—for a glacier, grinding the rocks as it moves, and plowing the mountain sides in its path, is mingled with sand and stones, while great ridges are thrown up along its edges. The movement of glaciers is at the rate of from two hundred to eight hundred feet per year, but their *length* remains unchanged—the lower part melting into a stream, while the upper part is formed afresh, and pushes the mighty mass downward. It is an easy matter now to ascend Mont Anvert—the front part of Mont Blanc—to the Mer de Glace. Lines of ladies may be seen securely crossing this novel and wonderful sea of ice. How delicious is the cold snow water, rippling along its icy channels! Here and there are great fissures in the ice. We dare not venture too near their borders, to look down into their cold blue depths. The waves all seem in the act of leaping down to the plain below; but they are motionless as death—still as if spell-bound—arrested in their wildest flow, as by the wand of an enchanter. On top of the Mer de Glace may be seen great rocks, seized and broken off from the mountain's granite brow, and being borne slowly, but resistlessly downward. More than a century hence the glacier shall deposit its burden in the valley beneath. If this old world shall live long enough the whole mountain may be brought down and leveled to a plain.

Mont Blanc, 15,780 feet above sea level, was ascended, for the first time, in 1786, by an intrepid guide named Jacques Balmat—a name which is a household word among the fraternity of guides. A serious illness succeeded to the fatigue and exposure he had undergone.

On his recovery he communicated his discovery to his physician, Dr. Paccard, who agreed to accompany him on his second ascent. In 1787 the celebrated Naturalist, Dr. Saussure, whose desire to stand on this the top of Europe, amounted to “a kind of disease,” to use his own language, accompanied by seventeen guides, reached the summit, and published the results of the expedition to the scientific world. Jacques Balmat lived forty-nine years after his achievement, and, at the age of 70, met his death in pursuit of the chamois. The ascent is now frequently made. Two English ladies accomplished the feat only last year. The work is toilsome, and long-continued, but not specially dangerous. One traveler requires three guides, each of whom receives one hundred francs; each additional person requires one guide. It is said the view from the summit is not commensurate with the fatigue necessary to reach it: in consequence of the great distance all objects appear indistinct. But there is always a charm in climbing high mountains; the air is exhilarating, and the outlook from the top is immense, if not sublime and inspiring.

No mountain *seems* as high as it really is—partly because the nearer crags, which are comparatively low, appear, on account of their nearness, loftier than the more distant, and partly because the eye is not accustomed to the measurement of objects above us. For the same reason the moon appears smaller in her zenith than when on a level with the eye. It is only when we take an eye-glass, and move it slowly over the range of those vast snow-fields, covering the mountain tops, that we appreciate the magnitude of the scene.

Who would not love to witness a thunder-storm, according to Byron's picture, leaping and “rattling” among these lofty crags?—the elements holding high carnival in these “palaces of Nature,”

“As though they would rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.”

There the tempest has its home, and the storm-cloud bursts against the glacier, and the mountain torrent leaps as a hart from rock to rock, down the steep declivities. There the icy pinnacles reach up to catch the first smile of the morning, and still grasp the radiance of the dying day, when somber shadows fill the vale below. What thoughts and holy inspirations seem wafted to us from those hoary heights, so near to heaven! Coleridge sums up all their utterances in the one word, GOD:

“God! let the torrents like a voice of nations  
Answer, and let the ice-plains echo God!  
God, sing ye meadow streams, with gladsome voice;

Ye pine-groves with your soft and soul-like strains!  
And they too have a voice—yon piles of snow,  
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!  
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God."

The route from Châmony to Geneva, by diligence, and thence by rail back to Lucerne, via Lakes Geneva, Neuchâtel, and Bienne, is marked with romantic interest; but the scenery is subdued—perhaps all the more welcome after so much of an opposite character. From Lucerne we cross the Lake of the Four Cantons once more—this time in a south-eastern direction, to its farthest extremity. This grandest of Swiss lakes is bordered by mountains of varied hues and shapes. First of all, as we step on board the steam-boat, we look up to a huge pile, rising from the water's edge, and overlooking the town of Lucerne. Now that the sunlight is thrown full upon it all its ruggedness has disappeared, and it looks like a mass of glittering amethyst. Sunlight! What an alchemist!—transforming rough granite into precious stones, and icy crags into peaks of pearl, and gloomy clouds into golden gates, flashing with the glories of heaven. As the steamer throws up the big waves below us they seem tinged with the deepest and richest green—one could imagine them to be molten malachite. In front of us are the twin Mythen, of a bright purple hue, and to the right of them is the Achselberg, with its crown of crags. On our left is the village of Gersau—its picturesque cottages scattered in a wide crescent on the slope of the mountain. This diminutive corner of land, scarcely eight square miles in extent, was, during four centuries, an independent state. Beyond Gersau is Brunnen, perhaps the most beautifully situated town on the lake. Near Brunnen the banks approach each other, and seem to close up our way; but soon we emerge into the south arm of the lake, called Lake Uri. Not far from this point, some distance from the shore, are the three springs of the Rutli. At this romantic spot, on the night of November 7, 1307, the three confederates, Stauffacher, Erni, and Furst—the father-in-law of Tell—asssembled, with thirty other men, and bound themselves by an oath to rid their land of its oppressors.

Farther on we pass Tell's Chapel—a small square building, with an open front, marking the spot where the Swiss liberator sprang out of Gessler's boat. It contains a few rude frescoes representing scenes from Tell's history. It was consecrated in the year 1388—thirty-one years after the death of Tell—in the presence of one hundred and fourteen persons, who had been personally acquainted with the hero. So says our gossiping little guide-book. On the

Sunday after Ascension day mass is performed here, and a patriotic sermon preached; this service is attended by the inhabitants of the neighboring shores, their boats being gayly decorated for the occasion.

At Fluelen we take diligence for a three days' journey over the Alps to Como. We stop for a few minutes at Altorf, the scene of the exploits of Tell. A colossal statue of the hero, in plaster, occupies the spot whence he aimed at the apple on the head of his son, who, according to tradition, stood on a spot, now also marked by a statue, one hundred and fifty paces distant. Some say the story of Tell is but a myth. If so, it is a very pleasant myth. But, to our mind, it requires more credulity to look upon it as a myth than as a true history. Even the spot where the inveterate archer stood, on an occasion so memorable, and the place where the brave youth awaited the arrow, would be likely to be pointed out eagerly by excited throngs, and indicated by rude marks for the generations following to wonder at. Up with the romance of history, and down with the miserable infidelity that would rob the olden time of all its golden beauty!

How shall we describe the rugged glories of the St. Gotthard Pass? In magnificence of scenery it is said to be far superior to the Simplon, the Splügen, and the Bernardino Passes. Our route lies, at first, along the banks of the Reuss, a stream which rises among the Alps, 5,000 feet above its mouth, at Lucerne. Down it rushes, through gorges deep and wild, dashing itself like a madman against the rocks, bounding over the precipices, and filling the valleys with its roar, save where some intervening cliff or boulder shuts off the sound, and gives the ear a moment's rest. Here are yawning chasms, down which to look is enough to make the brain reel; our road leads along the very edge; half-way down may perhaps be seen a solitary pine-tree leaning over the chasm and still grappling the stony soil, like an enchanted hunter that can not move. Here is the path of the avalanche, which perhaps a breath of wind, or the sound of a falling rock, startled from its glittering steep and sent thundering on its downward way. Bridges, here and there, cross the foaming stream; one is called Pfäfersprung—Priest's Leap—another Teufelsbrücke—Devil's Bridge. On each side rise mountains of solid rock, interspersed with an occasional huge pyramid, whose sides are dotted with stunted pines, or tinged with the hardy Alpine heather. We pass the lofty Winterberg, with its glacier. We enter a tunnel, like the portal of death, as though to form a fitting

close to these awe-inspiring sights, but it opens out upon a peaceful vale—the Valley of Uri—where Winter lasts nearly eight months, and where little less than barren fields, closed in by still more barren mountains, can be seen.

At the village of Andermatt, resting on the top of the Alps, like an eagle in his eyrie—we prepare to descend the St. Gotthard Pass. We must wrap our cloaks about us, for the wind, up here, has evidently slept in the snow-drifts. Down we go on our winding way, through the Val Tremola, a dismal valley leading down the mountain side. The road turns to the right and the left in a zigzag course, letting us down one terrace after another: we can look over the spiral courses, thousands of feet below and beyond, to the green vale of Airola. Here the road enters the Stretto di Stalvedro, a rocky defile, which, in 1799, was defended by 600 French against 3,000 Russians for twelve hours. Further on the Ticino has forced a passage for itself through a mountain, and hurls its waters in a succession of cataracts through a gloomy ravine. We are now in Italian-speaking Switzerland. Another day's journey brings us into sunny Italy, "the garden of Europe," where, on the banks of Lake Como, the beautiful, we end our wanderings among the Alps.

#### DAISY'S NOSE.

"GRAN'MA," said Daisy confidentially, "my nose does itch w'ilently."

"Well, scratch it, deary," answered grandma, rather absently; she was just at the most absorbing part of the heel of a stocking—for Daisy, of course.

"Yes, but, gran'ma," went on Daisy, impatiently, and inserting both hands between the knitting and spectacles, "what was it you said it was a sign of yesterday—'kiss a stranger?'"

"*'See a stranger, or kiss a fool,'* dear," corrected grandma, thoroughly roused by this time, "at least that is what they used to tell me when I was a little girl."

"And do you s'pose it's true, clear yet?" asked Daisy, doubtfully.

"True as it ever was, honey," laughed grandma, "and that's not very true, I reckon."

"Then what made people say it first?" went on the small questioner.

"Dear knows," said grandma.

"And who's he?" persisted Daisy

"Bless the child!" exclaimed the old lady, despairingly, "how wise she will be some day if she keeps on at this rate, and gets all her questions answered! My dear, it is just a fool-

ish old saying, so old that nobody knows who said it first, and there's no more truth in it than nothing at all."

"Well, I mean to play there is," said Daisy decidedly, "and I am going out to sit on my post till they come, and I believe they will come, too."

"Who will come?" said Daisy's mother, who just then came into the room, with her sleeves rolled up, and flour on her plump hands. She was in a great hurry, for it was baking-day, and somehow her chariot-wheels had been taken off that morning, so to speak; the fire would burn out into the room instead of up the chimney, and the new girl had thrown the bowlful of raisins, ready stoned for the loaf-cake, out to the pigs—they were glad, poor things! it's an ill wind that blows nobody good—and they did not remember ever having had their raisins stoned for them before. But, altogether, Mrs. Daisy did not feel anxious for company that morning, and Daisy's tone of conviction made her think that somebody must have sent a message.

"Why, the stranger and the fool," said Daisy confidently. "Gran'ma says she does not believe it, but I do, for I think if it had n't been true people would have stopped saying it long ago; so, mamma, you just put my bit of dough in a cool place, please, and I'll keep it till they come, and then, if they are nice, I'll make a cake for each of them; and the fool shall have the biggest, for I think I shall like him best."

"But it is 'see a stranger or kiss a fool,'" said grandma, while she and Daisy's mother both laughed. Daisy stood on one foot for a minute, as she had seen the chickens do when they were thinking; she wanted both to come, and she was trying to fix it.

"If your nose does itch werry much," she finally suggested, "I should think it meant both; and mine does itch dreffully," she wound up triumphantly, as she tied her sun-down on, and marched off to the gate-post. It was the post of the lane-gate, and had a broad, flat top, which had been a favorite seat of Daisy's ever since she had been able to scramble up there; and, indeed, before that, for her father had perched her there many a time, when she was so little that there would have been room for two or three more of her.

It was a warm day, and although the willow-tree shaded the gate-post nicely, Daisy's small face was quite in a glow, as she finally arranged herself on her perch with a little sigh of satisfaction, and spread "Mother Goose" out on her extensive lap. She was learning the pieces



to say to the baby. Grandma and Mrs. Daisy laughed, as they looked from the window and saw the little person on her lofty seat, now looking intently at her book, now gazing up and down the road with equal earnestness, hoping every moment to see the stranger and the fool.

The baking had to go on, and grandma fell asleep over her heel-turning, and so Daisy made quite as much of a sensation as she could possibly have wished for, when, after about an hour of study and contemplation, she rushed into the house, exclaiming, in what she meant to be a whisper,

"Mamma! grandma! here they are!"

And sure enough a carriage had stopped at the gate, and a very fine-looking fellow—not a bit like a fool, so far as looks went—was helping a pretty young lady out of it.

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed grandma, as she peeped through the lattice of the side porch, "why, Maggie, it's Dick, and that must be his wife!"

Mrs. Daisy said nothing, but the flush which the refractory stove had put on her pretty face deepened by several shades, as she hastily pulled off her baking-apron and washed her hands. Then, as the bell rang, she whispered hurriedly to Daisy,

"Go to the door, darling, Hatty is out in the barn."

So Daisy went gravely to the door, feeling that they were her company, and that a good deal of responsibility rested on her, as she had brought them.

This was what made Mrs. Daisy's face grow red when she heard it was "Dick." Dick was her youngest brother, only two years older than she was; and how fond and proud she had always been of him, nobody but Dick had ever fully known. From his first "piece" published in the "Weekly Sentinel," up to the time when he was editor of a flourishing city paper, her faith in his genius and ability had never wavered under any discouragement. And Dick had been just as fond and proud of her. But when she had come to him for sympathy in her joy one evening, when somebody had just asked her to be his wife, and she had said she would, with much pleasure, he had grieved and surprised her by being angry instead of pleased. He had foolish notions about some things; he had hoped to see his pretty sister make what the world calls "a good match," and here she was going to marry a plain farmer, and make butter all her days. So they had quarreled—all the more sharply because they loved each other so much—and though they had a sort of making up after-

ward, and he had been once or twice to see her since her marriage even, it was not a real, good, kiss-and-be-friends making up; and before the marriage Dick had gone away to the great city and found employment there, and when Maggie wrote for him to come to her wedding, he wrote back that he was too busy, and this had hurt her so that when he wrote—about a year before the day when Daisy's nose itched—telling her of his engagement to "the dearest girl in the world," she had not replied very rapturously; and I do not think she was as sorry as she ought to have been that Daisy was right in the thick of measles when the time for the wedding came. But she loved her brother too much to tell him that; and when the day really came, she felt her heart soften toward her dear old Dick, and wrote him a long, loving letter, with a whole lot of pleasant messages for her new sister in it. And now, lo and behold, here was Dick, and the new sister, too, just two months after the wedding-day.

When Mrs. Daisy went into the cool, pleasant parlor, her face was still a little more flushed than was its custom of an afternoon—or morning either—but she managed not to burst out crying, while Dick gave her a kiss which was rather solemn and commiserating in its nature, and introduced her, with proper pride, to "my wife." But there was nothing either solemn or commiserating in the manner of the little wife, as she took the two plump hands in hers, and then, after a moment's gaze into the clear brown eyes which belonged to the hands, hugged Mrs. Daisy right up to her, and whispered,

"I've never had a sister, and I'm so glad to have you, Peggy."

Now nobody but Dick had ever called this little woman "Peggy," and he only when he was in the best and most loving of humors, so that it was all she could do not to laugh and cry both at once; she squeezed Mrs. Dick so hard that she almost squeezed the breath out of her, and whispered,

"You dear little thing, you!"

Then grandma came in—with her best cap on, and on crooked, too—and Dick, who had always been good and gentle to his mother, looked a great deal nicer than he had yet, as he introduced "my wife" again, and grandma laughed and cried, and said all sorts of foolish things, and every body but Daisy was getting very much excited. She stood there, grave and silent, trying to make it all out, and a little mortified that nobody had any thing to say to her. But just as she was thinking of retiring in a dignified manner to her gate-post, Uncle Dick caught her up in his strong arms, and

pulled her curls back to get a good look in her face.

"So this is the baby that was kicking all over the floor when I was here last," he said, trying to speak lightly, for his heart was softening in a way that astonished him. "She's just you over again, Maggie," he added.

"I do n't *think* I kicked that time," said Daisy, seriously. "Gran'ma says it's not lady-like, and I never 'member doing it but once—and then *anybody* would have kicked."

It was impossible for them not to laugh at this; and then they all felt better, until Mrs. Daisy said—a little proudly, perhaps—

"Daisy, go and tell your father, dear."

Daisy darted to the door, but came back again, and pulled her mother's hand softly—

"Mamma, may I whisper?" she said.

Her mother stooped down; but Daisy's idea of a whisper was not the grown-up idea; and so every body heard her say—

"Mamma, *he* must be the fool, for *she* is the stranger; and, do you know, I think I shall like *her* best, for *he* keeps looking at you, as if you had been naughty somehow." Then she darted away again.

"What on earth does the child mean?" said Dick, a little testily.

So then it had to be explained; and Dick and his wife both laughed heartily at the explanation; but Dick looked a little foolish, too. And then Daisy came back, leading her father triumphantly. She had good reason to be proud of him—tall, and strong, and manly-looking he was, with an intelligent, reliable face. It was the first time Dick and he had met since his marriage; for, somehow Dick's rare visits had happened in his equally rare absences. But there was no embarrassment or restraint in the frank, cordial courtesy, with which he shook hands with his refractory brother-in-law, and expressed his pleasure at meeting the little bride.

Now Dick had merely meant to make a morning visit, and had been quite clear in his mind that nothing should induce him to stay to dinner. Poor man!—that only showed his ignorance! His little wife had her bonnet off at the first asking, and declared her intention of staying to spend the day, with a saucy glance into his eyes, which made him think it wiser not to try the obeying part of the marriage service, just then.

"You know, Dick," she said, persuasively, "it will be lovely moonlight this evening, and so much cooler to drive back then—and I want to see every thing."

So Dick assented, with the best grace he could muster; and Hatty atoned for the raisins

by cooking a surprisingly good dinner; for which the stove came to itself again, "as if it had sense," Hatty said.

After dinner Daisy's father had to go back to superintend the mowing, and of course Daisy's sun-down was on, and her hand in his, immediately. By this time Uncle Dick—assisted, we are sorry to confess, by some sugar-plums—had won his way into at least the vestibule of Daisy's good graces; so she stretched out her other hand, saying, rather patronizingly,

"You come, too, Uncle Dick; you'll be s'prised to see the way papa's machine does cut."

The soft blue eyes, raised to his from under the battered sun-down, the little brown hand, put so confidently into his white one, were too much for Dick's pride and prejudice—a vision of a certain little Peggy, who, some twenty years ago, used to roam over the farm with him, sympathizing with him in all his joys and sorrows, and admiring him through thick and thin, made it impossible for him to refuse the invitation, cordially seconded, as it was, by Daisy's father—so that Mrs. Daisy, peeping through the shutters, saw the man she loved best, and the man she loved next best, walking quietly along, with this little bond of union between them, holding a hand of each.

Now Dick was only a "fool" when his prejudices had the mastery of his common sense; and he could not spend a long Summer afternoon with a man like Daisy's father without finding out that he was a gentleman, with a mind quite as well cultivated as his beautifully kept farm. Before the afternoon was over they were on as cordially pleasant terms as if no coolness had ever existed between them. It only had existed on one side; and the other side so resolutely ignored it that it was impossible for Dick to keep it up all by himself. So, when Mrs. Daisy rang the tea-bell from the back door, her heart and her brown eyes danced as she saw the two men come up the lane together, laughing and chatting like old friends, with Daisy riding on a "lady-chair" between them. She had helped make "lady-chairs" many a time, and she knew how closely the hands must be locked to render them safe modes of conveyance.

Dear, what a lot of strawberries and cream they ate! And how they did all talk, and laugh, and make absurd jokes at each other, and tease grandma for being so proud of Dick's book, of which he had brought her a copy, that she stuck it up in the middle of the table, leaning against the flower-vase which Daisy's mother always filled, as regularly as she did the tea-urn.

But merry as Dick was, his conscience would not let him rest without a few words of acknowledgment to Mrs. Daisy; so after tea he stole into the house and, guided by the low, crooning song which crept down the stairs, he tiptoed up to "Peggy's" room. He stopped at the door, touched by the pretty picture he saw; Daisy was sitting up in her crib, her soft yellow curls shining in the moon rays, while Mrs. Daisy, with a happy smile on her face, was just putting the plump, white baby softly in his cradle. She looked up at the sound of Dick's stealthy step, and, as she rose from the cradle, giving it a final rock, she beckoned him in with a nod and smile. He came softly across the floor and put his arm round her.

"Hush!" she whispered, "do n't you wake my baby! wait till Daisy says her prayers, and then we'll go down." They went across to Daisy's crib.

"Now, darling," said the little mother, "say your prayers; uncle will like to stay if you do n't mind."

"No, I do n't mind at all," said Daisy, sleepily, "and I'll put him and my new aunty in, too." So after "now I lay me down to sleep," came "God bless my dear mamma and papa, and little brother, and grandma, and Uncle Dick, and my new aunty, and make Daisy a good girl, and make us all love each other a great deal, all the time, for Christ's sake, amen."

Then, after giving Mrs. Daisy and Dick a hearty hugging and kissing, the little person felt that her day was over, and the tired blue eyes closed.

The blue eyes and the brown eyes that met above her were full of tears, and, when they thought she was quite asleep, Dick came around the crib and took his little Peggy in his arms once more with such a loving hug as he had not given her for years. In broken whispers he told her how sorry he was, and how ashamed he had been when his wife had persisted in hearing all about her new sister, and had looked so shocked when she had heard of their estrangement and its cause. "But I was coming to my senses anyhow, Peggy," he whispered. "I could n't have held out much longer, especially after you gave that fellow my name," and he glanced across the room at the cradle, where his fair little namesake lay sleeping, with one fat hand clutching the sheet just where a moonbeam fell.

"And now say you forgive me, pet, and that you'll try to forget what a fool I've been."

Was Daisy asleep? That word woke her if she was; she groped for Uncle Dick's curly head, which was bent down close to her moth-

er's, and murmured, "I said it was you must be the fool, Uncle Dick, but I did n't mean any thing naughty, but gran'ma said it was, and 'at you were n't, but you just tell her, please, my nose was true all the time, and I knew it was, 'cause it did itch dreffully."

"Children and fools speak the truth," you know, Peggy," said Dick, as he and Peggy, arm in arm and hand in hand, went slowly down the moonlit stair.

#### UPON A ONENESS OF ANCIENT FAITHS.

WHILE many seem occupied in multifarious ways in bringing the Christian religion to the same level with the sensual, gross, and idolatrous faiths of uninspired men, it will not, perhaps, seem a work of supererogation in us to note within the compass of a magazine article, the reasons for a belief that the Scriptures are either nearly or remotely the origin of every thing of worth in all religions. And—for our field is circumscribed—we shall confine our thoughts exclusively to such facts as are guaranteed by authentic history. Dispensing with further preliminaries, we proceed at once to the subject in hand. What, then, does the historic dawn discover?

Back in the ages prior to Homer looms up the father of the Lyre, Orpheus. That this poet is no myth, that he actually lived and wrote the fragments attributed to him, is proven from the fact that when Onomacritus, a priest of Delphi, endeavored to palm them upon the Grecian public as his own, the plagiarism was so notorious as to compel him to leave Greece to escape an enraged public opinion. (Peter's Poets and Poetry of the Ancients.) Orpheus was a Pelasgian. He was before Athens or Lycurgus. The man who robbed his treasures lived in the sixth century B. C. And we gather that the writings of Orpheus shaped and pervaded the entire religious belief of early Greece. Orpheus was truly a representative man. It is pertinent, then, to understand from what source he drew his inspiration. The first and longest of the fragments sets the question at rest. "These things"—that is, the creation of the world—"were revealed by the man who was cradled in the bulrushes." Orpheus knew of God and his providence through Moses. This is beyond gainsay. The subsequent deterioration of religion among the Hellenes was owing to outside innovations, and extended through a series of centuries. This we discover by a careful examination of Grecian poetry. Homer regards Jove as "omnipotent; he is omniscient.

God is able to do all things," (*Odyssey*, iv, 237:) ideas undoubtedly emanating from the earlier and purer traditions. The *Iliad* knew nothing of Hercules as a god, nor was Mercury in his time the convoy of disembodied spirits to Hades, (*Iliad*, xxii, 362:) they went alone. That Grecian ideas of nature were of Jewish origin is further proved by the division of the day, which was divided into three parts, the morning, the noon, and the evening, (*Iliad*, xxi, 111,) and the night into three watches, (*Iliad*, x, 253.) It is to be noticed, also, that early Greek law adopted the Jewish punishment for the crime of adultery. The Scripture doctrine of guardian angels was also devoutly believed in early Greece, whereas in later times the deities were regarded as entirely indifferent to the welfare, passions, or actions of men.

"On the hills like gods together, careless of mankind."

The *Theogony* of Hesiod is instinct with the Mosaic record of the creation. "Before all things were earth, heaven, night, and day." Then follows subsequent and minor creations. These historical sequences do not mislead, as some would have us believe, but are distinct proofs that God's revelation to Moses lingered in the Greek mind for ages. The reverse of this, or the "descent of man," would lead us to look for fetichism, the lowest form of worship known among men. But we search in vain in the history of the sons of Japetos, the Oscans, the Pelasgians, and the Ionians for aught of this character. The farther we penetrate into the mists of time, the purer the worship appears. The immortality of the soul was no new doctrine on the classic peninsula. Homer speaks of it as a matter of course. *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides* recognize it in all their dramas. The dialogues of *Plato* are full of it. We can not refrain from quoting from the *Phædo* on this point:

"And all experience shows that if we would have pure knowledge of any thing, we must be quit of the body. Then, I suppose that we shall attain that which we desire, and of which we say that we are lovers, and that is wisdom: not while we live, but after death; for if, while in company with the body, the soul can not have pure knowledge, one of two things seems to follow—either knowledge is not to be attained at all, or, if at all, after death. For then, and not till then, the soul will be herself alone and without the body." (*Jowett's Trans.*)

Ere we leave this author we will note a remarkable coincidence, namely, *Plato's* notion of four rivers encompassing the abodes in the under world (*Phædo*, p. 112) and the four rivers

of the Garden of Eden. Had *Plato* read *Genesis*, or was this an Orphic tradition?

It is generally conceded that man originated somewhere in Central Asia. Even *Darwin*, *Lubbock*, and their whole school, affirm this. "There is, therefore, reason for the belief that man arrived in Europe from the same quarter, [the southeast,] from the birth-place of the nations, the mysterious Garden of Eden." (*Sir John Lubbock*.)

Perhaps as ancient a literary monument as the world affords is the *Rig Veda*. Professor *Max Müller* unhesitatingly assigns it to a period prior to the settlement of India by its present races. It is the faith of the very earliest of men after the Dispersion. The Professor has finely said: "Now the religious history of India is one continued decline." The *Rig Veda* was before caste, before *Brahma*, before any of the asceticism which is the distinguishing feature of *Hindooism*. The *Hindoo-Aryans* had not as yet forgotten the God of *Adam* and *Noah*. "We can partly understand these old poets," says *Müller*, "because they belong to the race rather than to the tribe." Does the *Rig Veda* differ essentially from the Orphic traditions? Did the two impress the same ideas in their times?

"The Great One, who rules over these worlds, beholds all, as if he were close by."

"This earth, too, is the King's, and that vast sky, whose ends are far off."

"The King sees all—what is within and beyond heaven and earth. The winkings of men's eyes are all numbered by him—he moves all things."

"Bind him who speaks falsehood, and pass by him who speaks truth."

"The Maker of all things is wise, pervading, the creator, the disposer, and the highest object of vision."

"Death was not then, [in the beginning,] nor immortality."

Such lines bear a strong resemblance to the Orphic mysticism regarding the *Erôs-Phanês* and the chief thought in the *Symposium* of *Plato*. The idea is forced upon us that the same fountain supplied both streams.

One of the most marked characteristics of the *Rig Veda*, too, is the intenseness of the belief in the immortality of the soul. In it there is no doubt, no wavering. The soul being the breath of God, returns after death to its author. Transmigration was a subsequent thought to the *Hindoo* mind, and is first found, says *Müller*, in the *White Yajur Veda*, the latest *Veda* of the four; and in this the doctrine is but dimly shadowed.



It seems clear, then, from the foregoing, that the faith that stamped itself upon the civilized nations of Europe, and that equally patent upon the peoples of two-thirds of Asia, sprang from the revelations delivered to the antediluvian world and to Moses. There is no escaping this conclusion. It is equally evident, too, that the original faith was pure in accordance with its nearness or remoteness to the first declarations of God's will and providence.

Of equal antiquity with the traditions referred to was the wide-spread faith of the Druids—a faith which had its beginnings but a short period after the migrations of men from the East. Its first temples were the groves. The names of Tent and Alfader, the Druidic gods, are more ancient than idol or symbol, and are the beacons of that era when one God was adored as the sole Governor of the universe. The Druidic primitiveness is indicated in the name itself. *Druid* probably came from *dru*, the Celtic word for an oak; modern Irish *drai*. *Dru* is the same word with *drus*, which signifies an oak in the Greek, and is no doubt the root of the word *dryad*. The English *tree* was written during the heptarchy, and, later, *tri*. Indeed, it is difficult to separate the Druids from the oaks, or dissociate from their sacred groves the oaks of Dodona. Every feature of its faith points decidedly to an Eastern origin.

The Carnac of Egypt was a refined growth of the huge uncut stones of Carnac, in Brittany. The serpent and the circle were symbols with like significance in Egypt, Phœnicia, Chaldea, Persia, Peru, and Britain—though the earliest worship of each nation discarded images entirely. In this connection it is worthy remembering that Moses "lifted up the serpent in the wilderness;" and there are not wanting writers who maintain that the Hebrews erected these temples in question. One of the most ancient of sayings is, "that all life is from the egg." The Druids practically recognized this adage—if, indeed, they did not originate it—by wearing a golden egg suspended around the neck. Traces of this belief can be seen in the Moslem superstition, which hung the King of the Genies, in the semblance of an egg, to the dome of Caucasus.

But the Druids taught the belief of immortality with a strength unknown to any other faith. With them immortality was considered as merely a continuation of the present existence. At the burial of the dead they were accustomed to inter with the body things of use to the living, and to place in the folded hands letters to their departed friends. This statement is confirmed by the contents of the bar-

rows, or burial-places of the ancient Britons; and their hoar antiquity is proven in the fact that nearly all the utensils and arms are made of flint. The geographer Mela asserts, as the strongest evidence of Druidical faith, the fact that they were wont to postpone the settlement of accounts and the exaction of debts until they should meet in the other world.

Though Druidism had greatly degenerated in the days of Julius Caesar, yet the great soldier declares that "it is especially the object of the Druids to inculcate this—that souls do not perish, but after death pass into other bodies." Lucan, in his celebrated and beautiful passage on the Druids, is emphatic:

"The Druids now, while arms are heard no more,  
Old mysteries and barbarous rites restore;  
A tribe who singular religion love,  
And haunt the lonely coverts of the grove.  
'To these, and these of all mankind alone,  
The gods are sure revealed, or sure unknown,  
If dying mortals' doom they sing aright,  
No ghosts descend to dwell in dreadful night;  
No panting souls to grisly Pluto go,  
Nor seek the dreary, silent shades below.  
But forth they fly immortal in their kind,  
And other bodies in new worlds they find.  
Thus life forever runs its endless race,  
And like a line Death but divides the space;  
A stop which can but for a moment last,  
A point between the future and the past.  
Thrice happy they, beneath their northern skies,  
Who that worst fear, the fear of death, despise.  
Hence they no cares for this frail being feel,  
But rush undaunted on the pointed steel;  
Provoke approaching fate, and bravely scorn,  
'To spare that life which must so soon return."

Another trait that strikes the investigator is, that the most ancient temples were built in the form of a circle, and were mainly roofless. The temple of Belus, in Babylon, was round, and upon the last story stood the altar of sacrifice. The sacred inclosures of the Druids seem always to have preserved the form of a circle. Notable instances of this can be seen in the massive grandeur of Stonehenge and Avebury, in England, in Holywood, in Scotland, and Carnac, in Brittany.

Recent explorations in the land of the Incas reveal the fact that the most ancient temples on Lake Titicaca—those of Tiahuanaco, where the advent of Manco Capac transpired—are circles. "On the plains of Sillastani, in Peru, are remains which, like the *cromlechs* of Acora, have a special interest, from their absolute identity with the very earliest monuments of mankind, and which are indistinguishable from what, in Northern Europe and the British islands, are called Sun, or Druidical circles." (Squiers.) Many of the circles of Peru were built of elaborately chiseled stone, but the greater number are composed of simple upright stones in their natural state. The same writer adds that

this circular symbolism "seems to have been, throughout the world, the earliest adopted by its inhabitants," and that the vast earthen structures scattered over the United States have an antiquity which must be measured by semi-geological epochs. In Tartary circular, open temples have been discovered. There is the ruin of one a few miles from Tyre; there is also one at Sarchee, in India. If, then, ancient architecture proves one truth more than another, it is, that originally men erected their temples alike in form, adored the same God under like symbols, and, therefore, considered themselves as derived from a common origin.

In conclusion, the idea of a common origin of faith was recognized by the ancients themselves. Diogenes Laertius makes the Druids hold the same faith in the West of Europe as the Philosophers held in Greece, the Magi in Persia, the Gymnosophists in India, and the Chaldeans in Assyria. It was a tradition among the Greeks that their philosophy was derived from the Druids. Clement, of Alexandria, says that Pythagoras studied both with the Druids and Brahmans, indicating thereby that, at the era of the sage of Crotona, the two faiths were essentially the same. This similarity, we think we have proven, is due to their common origin.

#### ON CHARACTER.

THERE are many people who find much gratification in observing others. Wherever they are, whatever they see and hear, and with whomsoever they associate, they are always on the look-out for those peculiarities that constitute character. You shall have a few of my characters; they are oddly tumbled together; but you may pick out here and there what may prove to be seasonable information.

There are weak-minded and feeble-bodied invalids, who are never well, and who never would be well if they could. The doctor must call, the draught must be taken, and every friend must tell them, on pain of serious displeasure, that they look very ill, and must take great care of themselves. I have met with a few of these.

There are quiet folks in the world, who let others have their way, who sit and laugh in their sleeves, and, withal, get pitied and petted into the bargain. This class is somewhat scarce; but it has come within the range of my observation.

There are ignorant, hot-headed, high-minded, hurly-burly blusterers, who tyrannize wherever they have power. To rail at servants, to look big, and call about them at inns and other

places, and to quarrel with the feeble and timorous, is their delight.

There are tattling gad-about, who can no more withhold from the whole neighborhood any thing they may happen to know or hear, than a cackling hen that has just laid an egg. Be it true or false, let it do good or evil, the story must be told. Sorry am I to say, that the tribe of the gad-about is a numerous one, and widely spread.

There are kind-hearted souls, who can never be happy themselves unless they can make others so. Half a dozen such as these in a village, and a score in a town, do more real good, and fling around them more sunshine, than a hundred merely respectable inhabitants. O, how I love to fall in with a being of this description!

There are passionate persons, so hot and peppery, so truly combustible, that a word will throw them into blaze. Whether the offense be small or great, intended or accidental, it is all one. They are like loaded guns, which go off when the least thing touches the trigger. Of such a one as this it was aptly said,

"He carries in his breast a spark of ire,  
That any fool may fan into a fire."

There are persons who, acting from sudden impulse, make use of such high-flown exclamations on trifling occasions, that they have no suitable words for occurrences of importance. They know nothing of the positive and comparative, but always make use of the superlative. The squeaking of a mouse and the fall of a church spire would call forth the same ejaculation. The offenders of this class are usually feminine.

There are indolent indulgers of themselves, so lethargic that they can make no effort, except on occasions of extraordinary necessity, like the glutton that gorges himself to supply his hunger, and then relapses into his accustomed torpidity.

There are busybodies, whose own business seems not to be of half so much importance to them as the occupations of others. These sift trifling matters to the bottom; make much of little things, and do a plentiful deal of mischief to all around them. They gain the credit of knowing every body and every thing. Some court them, some fear them, and some despise them; but every one dislikes them.

There are susceptible, affectionate, and impulsive spirits, who quickly manifest their kind-hearted feelings, but do not retain them. Like the spark that gives a momentary warmth and brightness, and is suddenly extinguished, their emotions come and go with the occasion that

calls them forth. With many of this class have I held communion.

There are silent and reflecting observers of men and things, who commonly hear and see, and say nothing. They neither approve nor condemn audibly, and many imagine that they have no opinion; yet there are times when they can speak. When you meet with such a one, hold him, and let him not go, for he is worth his weight in gold.

There are speakers fond of fine words; they are so self-sufficient and ill instructed as to confound simple language with a deficiency of intellect, thereby undervaluing what is really an attainment of a high order, and only to be acquired by much study and practice. Students of this kind abound.

There are thankless repiners, who always remember to complain of the least of their troubles, and always forget to rejoice and thank God for the boundless blessings he has so liberally bestowed. A thankless spirit is a curse to its possessor.

There are true cocoa-nut friends, who with a rough outside possess great kindness of heart. These speak rather with their hands than their tongues; with their deeds, than with their words. If you have such a friend, value him, for you may go far and not find another.

There are polished and plausible persons who have ever fair words at their disposal. They promise freely, but perform slowly. There is a silky softness in their persuasions that ill prepares you for disappointment. Have a care, my friends; the velvet-like paw of a cat conceals claws that are dangerous.

There are habitual and industrious Bible readers, who set a value on the Word of God above all earthly things. It is a stronghold where they go for safety; a treasure-house where they obtain riches, and a never-failing source of wisdom, encouragement, doctrine, reproof, and correction in righteousness. If you know any of this class, keep up your acquaintance with them.

There are poetical sentimentalists, who revel in the beauties of creation, and prefer worshipping God in the green fields on the Sabbath to meeting in his house with his people. Their sentiment may be fine, and their poetry excellent, but their piety is of a very doubtful character. If we truly love God, we truly desire, whatever may be our infirmities, to obey God, "not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together," according to his Word.

There are proud and supercilious skeptics, who affect to pity simple-minded Christians—preferring pride and destruction to humility and

peace. They feed on husks, and refuse the fatted calf; they sow the wind and reap the whirlwind; and they live without the hope of eternal life, and lay up thorns for a dying pillow. I am afraid that the number of this class is on the increase.

There are mercy-loving men, who practice kindness to man and beast, and refrain from treading on a creeping thing. Mercy is a glorious attribute! Freely have we received it, freely let us bestow it. A friend of this sort in a shadowy hour is as balm to a rankling wound.

There are compassionate spirits, whose charity is without judgment—the semblance of woe is enough to call forth their pity. With them an impostor in rags is always more successful than a poor woman decently clad, or a distressed man in a whole coat. I have half a dozen people in my eye, while I make this remark.

There are unstable, whining, weak-headed changelings, who are not to-day what they were yesterday, nor will they be to-morrow what they are to-day. As well may you desire the weathercock on the church steeple to keep to one point as expect them to be steady in their purpose. The less you have to do with friends of this kind the better.

There are narrow-minded men, ay, and women too, who have humanity enough to do a deed of kindness, but not generosity enough to abstain from upbraiding the receiver of it. With one hand they give, with the other they smite. You never hear the last of any act they perform. For a pennyworth of good-will they want a pound's worth of acknowledgments. Their little drops of honey are mingled with much wormwood and gall.

There are grateful spirits that, come good or ill, are always "singing of mercy." To them the heavens declare the glory of God, and the earth is full of the goodness of the Lord. A spirit of this kind is worth a sea full of sapphires!

#### THE WIDOW'S WALL.

IN the beginning of 1814, when war convulsed the continent of Europe, troops of Swedes, Cossacks, Germans, and Russians were within an hour's march of the town of Selswick. Many and fearful reports of their behavior had preceded them, and the town people were in great alarm at their approach. There had been a truce; but it was to terminate at midnight on the 5th of January, which was rapidly drawing near, and all the horrors of war and uncontrolled license were again about to burst upon the helpless inhabitants of the country.

On the outskirts of the town of Selswick, on the side where the enemy lay, was a house which stood alone, inhabited by an aged pious woman, who, on hearing the approach of the enemy, prayed in the words of an ancient hymn, that God would "raise up a wall around them." The inmates of the house consisted of herself, her daughter, who was a widow, and a grandson, a young man of twenty years. The latter, on hearing the prayer of his grandmother, could not refrain from saying that he did not understand how she could ask for any thing so impossible as that a wall should be built around them which could keep the enemy away from their house. The old woman, who was very deaf, on understanding what her grandson had said, remarked, that she only prayed for protection for herself and household, but added: "Do you think that if it were the will of God really to *build a wall* around us, it would be impossible to him?"

At last the dreaded night of the 5th of January arrived, and about midnight the troops began to enter on all sides. The house containing the family just mentioned lay close by the road, and was larger than dwellings near it, which were only small cottages. As parties of soldiers entered one after another, going to the neighboring cottages and demanded what they wanted, in boisterous threatening tones, the inmates of the road-side house listened anxiously, expecting every moment to hear the loud summons of the soldiers at their own door, but although the hum of voices, the incessant tramp of horses' feet, the ribald jest, the loud laugh, seemed all around them, none approached their threshold. Onward through the night the army passed into the town. At length four parties of Cossacks, wild, half-savage men, brought up the rear. There had been a heavy fall of snow all day, which had now increased to a violent storm; and the Cossacks, unwilling to proceed further into the town, sought immediate shelter for themselves and horses in the cottages at hand, which, being small, were soon crowded to overflowing. Like a flight of locusts, man and horse swarmed upon the wretched inhabitants, devouring every thing before them; and a terrible night it was for those who were completely at their mercy.

But amid all the tumult and uproar which raged every-where around, the praying woman's house was in peace; not a single straggler from that savage band, not even an affrighted neighbor, approached the door. Hour after hour passed away. The watchers wondered at their marvelous preservation from interruption and annoyance; and while faith and fear alternately

possessed their hearts, morning dawned at last. And now again the troops are on the move; the *reveille* is sounding; the brutal Cossacks will surely plunder every house before they march on to meet their death. Will prayer yet prevail to save them from the danger which threatens now more imminently than before? If under cover of the darkness, and the furious storm that raged all night, they escaped observation, the morning light will surely betray their home to the plundering Cossack, and its superiority to surrounding dwellings tempt an instant assault. No, the house is still protected; no footfall is heard on the threshold, no rude hand attempts the gate.

And now, at last, they have courage to look out, and at once discover the means which the Lord himself had made and used for their deliverance. The snow that had fallen so heavily all the day previously, had been drifted by the storm which came on at night, to such a height between the house and the road, that to approach it was impossible; and thus a wall had been literally raised around them, according to the aged woman's prayer.

"Do you now see, my son," she exclaimed, "that it was possible for God to raise a wall around us which should keep off the enemy?"

"All things are possible to him that believeth."

#### THE POWER OF A SMILE.

It is related in the life of a celebrated mathematician, William Hutton, that a respectable-looking country-woman called upon him one day, anxious to speak with him. She told him, with an air of secrecy, that her husband behaved unkindly to her, and sought other company, frequently passing his evenings from home, which made her feel extremely unhappy; and knowing Mr. Hutton to be a wise man, she thought he might be able to tell her how she should manage to cure her husband. The case was a common one, and he thought he could prescribe for it without losing his reputation as a conjurer. "The remedy is a simple one," said he, "but I have never known it to fail. *Always treat your husband with a smile.*" The woman expressed her thanks, dropped a courtesy, and went away. A few months afterward she waited on Mr. Hutton with a couple of fine fowls, which she begged him to accept. She told him, while a tear of joy and gratitude glistened in her eye, that she had followed his advice, and her husband was cured. He no longer sought the company of others, but treated her with constant love and kindness.





JEALOUS CARLO.

JEALOUS, Carlo? Can there be  
In thy being's mystery  
Room for love so deep, so strong,  
That these flowers can do thee wrong?

Comes to the thee subtle pain  
Of thy powerlessness to gain  
All that heart which, fickle, free,  
Once seemed given unto thee?

Vol. XXXII. — 12

Canst thou, Carlo, quite divine  
What is lost that once was thine?  
What it is that comes and goes  
Twixt thee and the rival rose?

Is thy passion so intense  
That the child's fair innocence  
And the lily, strong to win,  
Seem, alas, too near akin?

Dost thou sometimes dimly think  
Of the strange, strong, hidden link,  
Binding each to each, and so  
Grievest thou that it lets thee go?

O, good Carlo, I would fain  
Read the secrets of thy brain,  
What it is which makes thee blest,  
What that gives such strange unrest;

Fain would know the deeper sense  
Of thy love's mute eloquence,  
Where the line that doth divide  
Thy surrender from thy pride.

Thou art glad when come to thee  
Honey-drops of sympathy—  
Grieved and wronged when quite forgot,  
Praise and favor wait thee not.

Hast thou some unknown bequest  
Which forbids thee e'er to rest?  
Wandering, seeking far and wide,  
Still, alas, unsatisfied?

What does all this great world mean  
To thy sense, so quick, so keen?  
To the secret of its sin  
Dost thou blindly enter in?

Do its care, and wrong, and grief,  
Throw o'er thee thee dark relief?  
Dost thou dimly comprehend  
Pain's sad gospel, sorrow's end?

Thou hast pity for our tears—  
Tireless courage for our fears,  
Love and jealousy—love's pain—  
What, O Carlo, is thy gain?

Patient, humble, faithful, true—  
Unto love love's debt is due—  
Faithful to the end—what then?  
Is God's heaven alone for men?

Thou so self-forgetful, fond,  
Is there not some bright beyond,  
Painless, kindly, and complete,  
Whither tend thy restless feet?

Hath the universe not room  
For all goodness? Is the doom  
Of a death unconquered thine,  
Lost from sight of love divine

Evermore? O Carlo, no.  
We will let the problem go;  
Of the question of thy fate  
God is silent—we will wait.

Who can trace that hidden line  
'Twixt thy destiny and mine?  
Who can solve the mystery whole,  
What is instinct, what is soul?

In the unexplored to be  
Shall there not be need for thee?  
Of thy life remain no trace  
In the boundless realms of space?

Who can tell? Thy love is strong;  
Love is life, and life is long;  
Love rules death—God does the best;  
Let the vexed, sad question rest.

### THE CULPRIT.

TOLL the bell!

O, the sad and solemn bell!  
Breaking hearts are chilled with sorrow,  
Not a gleam to light the morrow,  
Or the dismal cloud dispel,  
Pacing up and down his cell,  
Dark, despairing; see him start,  
Hand pressed close upon the heart.  
Sound of ax and hammer fall  
Just within the prison wall.

Toll the bell!

All a mother's anguish tell,  
A father's grief, a sister's tear,  
Days and nights of doubt and fear.  
There beside his mother's bed  
Hangs the picture of a child;  
Dimples coming as he smiled;  
Curls upon his sunny head.  
Sweet-faced, tender little boy,  
Heart unsullied as a flower,  
Blooming in its natal hour.  
Blight and mildew soon destroy  
All the bloom, the youth, the joy.  
Poverty, temptation came,  
And the human heart's the same.

Toll the bell!

God is waiting on his throne,  
Waiting to receive his own.  
O, love beyond all human thought!  
Compassion, mercy, all unsought!  
He looketh down with pitying eye  
To hear the poor soul's stricken cry.  
He sees the wolf beside the door;  
He marks the struggles of the poor;  
He notes the licensed crimes that stalk  
To meet the pure in every walk;  
Poor, feeble human hearts not strong  
To wrestle with the Giant Wrong.

Toll the bell!

Guard the heart and keep it well;  
No one knows the lurking evil  
That may mount up like a devil,  
And his better thoughts expel.  
Think of it and ponder well;  
Near our own hearts some great sin  
May be hid to enter in,  
Swift to make our heaven a hell.  
Without His love that never fails,  
Like a lone and broken bark,  
Drifting out into the dark,  
Tossed by waves and sullen gales,  
None to hear our anguished cry,  
Lost, forsaken, we should die.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF CHEERFULNESS.

THE world has not yet got beyond the old philosophies, so far as philosophy goes. Science, of course, is another thing; but if man has gone ahead in the knowledge of matter, he has not made much progress in the knowledge of mind, and philosophy and abstract speculations remain pretty much where they were centuries ago. And among the various dualities into which mankind can be divided, Democritus, who laughed, and Heraclitus, who wept, may be taken as the types of one very large system of classification. There are still those who make the best of every thing, even when things are bad—who see the silver lining to the cloud, and hold on to the hope of the lane turning at last; and there are those who make the worst of what is good—who growl about the sun having spots and the morning light its vapors, and persist in their belief that night has never a day to follow; and, even more, that noon is very much like night upon the whole, and they do n't see much difference between dusk and dawn, whatever you may see. There are still those who hold that love and fame are but vanity, when all is told, and those who can see a certain gracious little use in vanity itself; those who give in to the worship of sorrow, and those who subscribe to the creed of cheerfulness; those who live always in mephitic vapors valley-born, and those who dwell on mountain-tops, and breast the broad breezes rejoicing.

Cheerfulness is not entirely, as it pleases some sour-blooded folks to say, a mere matter of good digestion, or the result of a well-set electric current—a thing, therefore, as little under one's own control as an attack of neuralgia or a fit of the gout, and deserving no more commendation than these deserve censure. It is much more a matter of mental power, though also, let it be granted honestly, somewhat traceable to physical condition—that is, it is a frame of mind that can be induced by a determined will—and, above all, it is the product of an unselfish nature. That peevish despair, which some people call tenderness of mind, is, nine times out of ten, simple selfishness; and lowness of spirits is euphemistic for mental indolence—that kind of indolence which will not take the trouble to be cheerful—which lets itself drift into foreboding and the enduring fear of disaster, because foreboding and fear, being passive states, are less difficult to compass than the active energy of hope and cheerfulness. Let no one pride himself on his faculty

of gloom; he might as well pride himself on the possession of a squint or a hump.

Nor is cheerfulness want of sympathy with others in their troubles. On the contrary, no one knows so well as a cheerful person what are the difficulties to be overcome, and the amount of temptation to despair to be resisted. It is so much easier to keep down in the low levels, and to make one's final abode in the Slough of Despond, than to struggle upward for the high lands, or to strike out for the dry places, that cheerfulness is literally a step in advance, giving a wider horizon and an additional experience, but a step made only by effort and at great cost. And I presume there is no possible question as to which knows most—the person who has gone forward, or the one who has lagged behind—the person who has learned an extra lesson, or the one who has doubled down the page for *finis*, and shut the book between its clasps.

Moping and gloom are want of sympathy of the will; and despairing views are by no means the best coin wherewith to redeem your own or another's disaster. What is the good to be had from a person who comes to your house when you are in trouble, and makes your burden heavier by the weight of his own forebodings? Say your child is ill, and you are in cruel anxiety, does it help you to tell you that poor Mrs. A's sweet boy was not half so bad as yours, and yet it died, though the doctors all said it was recovering? Or is it better for you to hear, "Yes, your child is dangerously ill, certainly, and there is cause for grave anxiety, and the need of the most watchful care; but even worse cases have been known to recover, given that care, and while there is life there is hope?"—a trite proverb, granted, but sometimes forgotten in the pressure of a great dread. Which would you rather have, vinegar and red pepper rubbed into your bleeding wounds, or wine and oil poured over them? Neither the vinegar nor the oil will heal, but between irritating and soothing what must be borne either way, surely the soothing is the best.

Again: if you are in that situation where you want all your energies to fight yourself as clear as may be of the ruin that must fall with greater or less force on all concerned, is it to the strengthening of your hands to be told that nothing is of any good? that you might just as well let all go by the board quietly as make a stand against the wreck? that you can save nothing out of the fire, and will only burn your fingers by thrusting them into the flames? Who is the more likely to do you good service, a narrow-chested Heraclitus, who prophesies

of evil things, and assures your defeat by unbuckling your armor, or a robust and brave-hearted Democritus, who says, fight to the last, and remember that never a battle is lost till it is won? who points out to you this undefended corner in the enemy's ramparts, and that weak point in his lines, and who gives you the stimulus of hope and manly energy to go on with?

For my own part, I think giving up because you are afraid you can do no good by fighting, one of the most craven things in the whole world; and never to know when one is beaten has made the Anglo-Saxon race what it is. I grant you, peevishness with some people is so ingrained and of the very fiber of their being, that they do not want to be heartened up, and, indeed, will not bear it—calling you cruel, coarse, unfeeling, if you speak to them cheerfully of their concerns and hopefully of their troubles—their animosity being in exact ratio with their peevishness. They are of those who will be drowned and nobody shall help them—who like to stick knives into their own flesh, and rub red pepper into the gaping wounds afterward. But I am not speaking of these, who may well be left in the living tomb of their own building, but of the general run of folks who are influenced by their society, and either heartened or depressed, according to the tone of their companions—of those souls of wax which take the shape of any mold in which they may be run by chance or circumstance, and who are, therefore, pressed into the abject form of fear, or who come out with the nobler bearing of courage, according to the temper of the last mind which has manipulated them. Those who are strong can afford to despise extraneous influences: but we are not all strong, and one is bound to consider one's weaker brethren.

The greatest difficulty that besets the path of the cheerful is in the close companionship of the gloomy. Any one who can undergo this ordeal and come out of it still cheerful is a hero, or, still more, a heroine—"still more" because of the greater impressibility of women. Ah! there are many such small, unseen dramas of heroism enacted at this moment in quiet families and subordinate positions, which does not make it less a matter of heroism, demanding our admiration and best sympathy, when we find a heart that is strong enough, not only to bear its own burden with dignity, but also to endure cheerfully that far heavier burden of a comrade's gloom. This is not so difficult a task for a period, perhaps; but it is almost impossible for a lifetime. I do not say quite, but almost; for some people have a large and beau-

tiful power of sustainment, and can nourish their souls, not only by the power of self-support, but in the very teeth of enforced starvation.

But what a life it is, if you are of a brave and cheerful nature, to be closely associated with depressed, and sour, and gloomy folks! You come down in the morning serene, happy, gay. The air is sweet, the birds are singing in the flowery bushes, the sun glints pleasantly on the shining laurel leaves, the flowers send out their fresh, sweet morning scents, and you take joy in your existence, and are glad to be one of the great multitude of the living; but your gloom-haunted companion can see no gladness in all this. Like the princess in the fairy tale, or the time-honored Sybarite of tradition, a bean is under the seven feather-beds, a rose-leaf is crumpled on the flowery couch; there is no rest or joy where such misfortunes exist, and the glory of Ichabod has departed. You say something bright and pleasant—it may be something very futile, perhaps a trifle silly, but it is at least a fresh and honest little bubble out of the well-spring of happiness in your own cheerful heart; you are met by a growl, by a sarcasm, or by a chilling silence, with an air of life being far too grave a matter for such levity as yours to be admitted. Then you fall back upon yourself again; and it all depends on the depth of that well-spring within whether you are substantially saddened or only temporarily depressed for want of leave wherein to expand; whether you lose of the sum of your moral vitality, or merely suffer by the barrenness of another.

You must be exceptionally brave and happy-hearted if you can bear with this kind of thing for any length of time uninjured; and no one in his right mind would bear it at all if he could escape from it. Only those who have tried it know the extent of the anguish of soul that results from perpetual companionship with a gloomy temper, and how far worse than all the inevitable ills of life is that self-made evil of moroseness, which will neither be cheerful for its own part nor suffer the cheerfulness of others. A man of this temper once brought it as a serious accusation against the moral nature of his wife, who was a bright and enjoying woman, that she "looked for happiness from life." To look for happiness was to his mind an evidence of shallowness, of levity, of sensuality, a hungering after the grosser flesh-pots not to be tolerated by those who fed on more ethereal manna. He did not think that any one had the right to look for happiness in this valley of the shadow. Dwelling among the tombs as he did by preference, and carrying the



pall with which he draped all life, he imposed on others the gloomy worship of sorrow which he found profitable for his own sad soul; and those who disputed his gaunt, grim theology were worse than pagans to his mind, and below the dignity of grown men.

Your morose people are always accusing their cheerful friends of levity. Unjustly enough; for hope and courage are surely not incompatible with any amount of deep feeling and serious thought, as neither are these necessarily connected with gloom. It is simply a question of inclination, of the balance, and whether the scale is more heavily weighted for good or for ill. The mystery of all the sin and misery lying in life remains the same mystery still, whether we accept it in cheerful faith as to its ultimate and hidden good, or whether we mourn over its hopeless and irremediable sadness. The cloud is there, but so is the sun above it. Which, then, shall it be, the shadow only, or the remembrance of the hidden sun? The gloomy say the first, the cheerful hold to the last; and of the two the cheerful are the wiser, the truer, and the more substantially religious. The worship of sorrow is not religion; it is superstition, and a fierce fanatic fetichism; but religion, as the best thoughts of the best men have formulated it for us—no! it is not that!

Almost all great poets—that is, the greatest—have been men of cheerful nature; while, singularly enough, almost all half-great men, second-class poets, have been moody and mopy. No one will venture to say that the healthy cheerfulness which shines out like the sunlight from Homer, from Shakspeare, from Virgil, and even from Milton, though in this last tempered with so much stateliness and dignity as to appear almost sad, is due to shallowness of perception or to frivolity of feeling. To be sure, Dante, as great a man as any, was weighed down with gloom and sadness, living in the world as in a charnel-house, and seeing corruption and decay every-where. But no other man as great as he was so sad; though the crowd of minor poets and poetasters in all ages have been lachrymose and uncomfortable fellows enough, and have taken broken-hearted views of every thing within the range of their vision at all. Granting that this sorrowful appreciation of the difficulties of life is a point beyond the careless levity of the shallow-pated, or the fool's paradise of the lotus-eater, still there is a point beyond that again where depth and cheerfulness can unite, and where the highest philosophy would express itself in the serenest faith.

If only in the way of help over bad passes,

cheerfulness is such an invaluable stirrup-companion through life! Nothing puts one over those same bad passes so well, when they are fairly come at and inevitable, as the cheery belief that they are temporary and conquerable. To shut one's eyes and go doggedly at one's fences is certainly one way of clearing them; but a better way is to be able to look quietly at one's dangers, and calculate calmly one's difficulties as they stand full in view; to brace one's self to bear bravely and endure cheerfully, or to break through the quickset hedge at any cost of rent flesh, if bearing and enduring do not answer, or are incompatible with dignity. But peevish people neither break boldly nor bear cheerfully. They sit down under their troubles, and they mope or growl according to their temperament; of the magnanimity of cheerfulness they know nothing. In fact, continual gloominess so enervates the nature that men and women given to this vice become at last incapable of energetic action, and could as soon square the circle as make themselves happy with what they have; they are always wrong in their circumstances somehow, and always suffering because of external things, not because of internal feelings. If only such and such things were different; if only some one would go or some one would come; if this wall were thrown down or that fence built up—they would be quite happy.

Foolish people! they never think that state is being, and that happiness or unhappiness comes from within rather than from without, and that those who wish to be happy may be happy outside absolute ruin and desolation of circumstance and soul. Still those who wish to be miserable have only so to will in order to be gratified, the world being too busy to give its time to smoothing down the hairy backs of blue devils. Besides, what use is there in gloom? In this phantasmagoric life of ours, "where nothing is, but all things seem," where we are what we believe ourselves to be, and have in proportion to our faith, what good or use is there in fancying every thing worse than it is, and filling one's moral paint-pot with lamp-black instead of rose-color and azurine?

No doctrine is more important to impress on people than this of cheerfulness being able to make its own joy; the finding of life being in accordance with the spirit of the seeker far more than with any possible run of circumstances. Even sorrow can be better borne if there is a cheerful nature for the melancholy portorage—melancholy at the best!—while a peevish temper turns happiness itself to gloom, and spoils the harmony of the sweetest music.

The only case in which the collapse of cheerfulness is excusable is when a bright, enjoying, and energetic nature is chained up in the same yoke with a gloomy, sour, and narrow soul; when the blither and braver is under the harrow drawn by the meager and the melancholy; when a free, full, frank nature is stunted, clipped, pressed back, imprisoned, and denied the happiness which is the God-given right of all men by the tyranny and perverseness of a comrade. Then, if the chain can not be broken, no one can wonder if the wounded spirit sinks exhausted from its many blows, and if what was once bright and smiling cheerfulness puts on the grave aspect of strong-hearted endurance only.

#### ABOUT NATAL AND ZULULAND.

**N**ATAL is yet a young colony, and has the decided advantages of a healthy climate and abundance of land capable of being rendered productive. Moreover, the expenses of living, after the settler has taken up his grant, or purchased his land and erected his dwelling, are exceedingly light. He has his constantly increasing flock of poultry to draw from for food, and if near a town or settlement can procure a constant supply of beef at about fourpence per pound, and mutton at sixpence. He may employ a Kafir house-servant, who will cook, cut and fetch wood, clean the house, and go on errands. Kafir house-servants receive from four to twelve shillings a month, according to their age and efficiency, in addition to their food of maize meal. Some of the very young boys, who work for about four or five shillings a month, will be found very useful and tractable. The Kafirs are a cheerful, good-humored race; and though indolent by nature, yet, if carefully watched, make excellent field-laborers. They do all kinds of work for the colonists—wagon-driving, felling timber, letter-carrying, cooking, waiting at table, and even washing, clothing, and nursing infants. They will generally be found honest, at least those of the Zulu race settled in Natal. Much reliance can not be placed on the Amatonga and Basuto Kafirs, who visit Natal in gangs from time to time, obtain work on the various farms and plantations for a few months, and return with their gains to their own tribes.

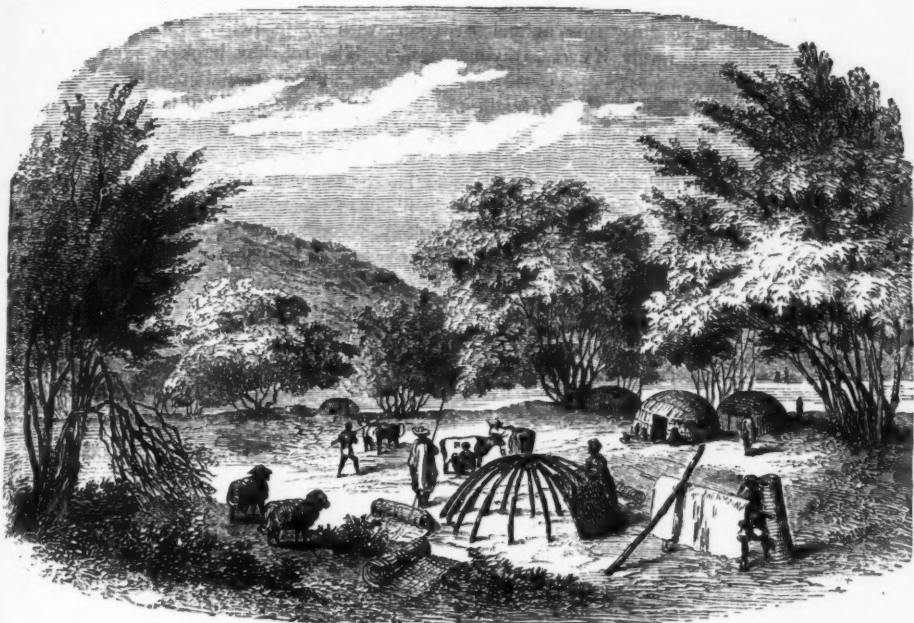
It will be as well, perhaps, to give some slight description of the towns and settlements of Natal. The Point is the first Natalian land the settler treads upon. Here he will find the custom-house, a police-station, the railway-station, the landing-agent's offices, and a hotel or

two. A train runs at intervals during the day between the Point and the town of Durban, the distance being about a mile; the same line also conveys passengers and goods to and from the Umgeni Station, on the banks of the River Umgeni, which river divides the counties of Durban and Victoria, and is distant about four miles from Durban, in a northerly direction, on the coast-road. The town of Durban is built upon a deep sand, and contains a court-house, police-office, and a number of good shops, offices, dwellings, hotels, and boarding-houses. Durban and the Point are both provided with places of worship, Durban containing churches and chapels respectively belonging to the Church of England, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Roman Catholic persuasions.

Pieter Maritzburg, the capital, is about fifty-four miles from Durban, and contains between 4,000 and 5,000 inhabitants. There are situated the Government house, Government offices, the meeting-place of the Legislative council, and the cathedral.

The Umgeni Falls, at Howick, an easy ride from Pieter Maritzburg, are considered one of the sights of the colony. Should the traveler wish to pursue his course to the confines of the colony—namely, the Drakensberg range of mountains, or, in colonial parlance, "the Berg"—he will find the journey by the main road merely one of between one hundred and fifty and one hundred and sixty miles, with abundance of road-side inns at short intervals along the route, where he may obtain refreshment for himself and his horse. While in the upland and midland districts, the new arrival may see the towns of Ladysmith and Weenen, and visit some of the stock and sheep farms. Weenen is the hottest of the up-country towns. Oranges thrive well there.

But to return to our starting-point, Durban. South of Durban a great many old-established plantations exist, and several new estates have been started. The scenery in the neighborhood of the Unkomazi River is generally considered very beautiful. The traveler pursuing his way through Victoria county rides over about four miles of sandy flat, or takes the train from Durban to Umgeni, where a small village has sprung up. Here he crosses the River Umgeni by a government bridge, and enters the county *par excellence* of the planters. He will find sugar, coffee, tobacco, cotton, and arrow-root flourishing. Here, also, as indeed along the whole coast-land south as well as north of Durban, the banana, plantain, orange, lemon, lime, guava, pine-apple, and other tropical fruits grow freely.



A KAFIR KRAAL.

A ride of about sixteen miles from the Umgeni, along a good government road, through a beautiful bush country, brings the horseman to the chief settlement of Victoria county, the town or village of Verulam, containing a resident magistrate's office and *tronk*, or prison, an Episcopal church, a Wesleyan chapel, a post-office, numerous shops, and hotel lodging. Victoria county extends in a northerly direction as far as the River Tugela, which divides the colony of Natal from Zululand. Upon the land between the Umgeni and Verulam, and in the neighborhood of Verulam, however, the plantations will be found thickest. About twenty miles from Verulam, on the Tugela road, is situated the Umlilali town or settlement. The description of one of the smaller colonial towns already given as to Verulam will answer for almost all—a resident magistrate's office and *tronk*, a place of worship, a post-office, a few houses, a few shops, and a hotel. Journeying on to the Zulu border, the traveler will find plantations and houses fewer and farther between, though they extend to the brink of the River Tugela.

Game is not so plentiful as it was in the earlier days of the colony, but there are still many districts where a good day's shooting may be had. Natal venison, though rather dry, is not a badly flavored meat. The large bush buck is the finest of the antelopes found

along the coast. The male carries a pair of strong-looking horns, curving slightly outward from their base, and inclining together toward their tips, and is a handsome-looking animal, often standing as high as a yearling Zulu calf. This buck is never found far from the bush either on the coast or in the upper districts, is shy in its habits, and difficult to stalk. When wounded the male has been known to charge, and is very dangerous to the dogs when brought to bay. The voice of the bush buck is like the barking of a dog, and upon hearing the sound for the first time it is difficult to believe that it proceeds from an antelope. The Kafir name for the male is *inkonka*, for the female *mbaballa*. The smaller bush buck is a little antelope of a bright reddish color, the male adorned with a pair of straight horns about three or five inches in length, and is more abundant than the *inkonka* in most bush districts. The Kafir name of this buck is *ncoombi*. Colonists generally speak of it as the "red buck."

The little blue buck is the smallest of the Natalian antelopes, weighing no more than an English hare. This buck is of a slaty blue color. Both male and female are adorned with straight horns, between one and two inches in length. This buck, if caught when a fawn, becomes very tame, and makes a most beautiful and harmless pet. The Kafir name is *ipele*. The little blue buck is very common along the

Natal coast, even in the immediate vicinity of Durban. Like the preceding, this animal is essentially a bush buck, rarely, if ever, straying far from cover.

The chief antelopes found on *veldt* (plains) or grass-lands are the reed buck, the duyker, the ourebi, and the rhey buck. The reit or reed buck is a fine animal, often weighing between ninety and one hundred pounds. The horns of the reed buck are curved forward. One peculiarity of this antelope is a habit that

lope than the duyker, of a bright rufous-brown color, with white belly. The Kafir name is *aooloo*. The roi-rhey buck is very similar in appearance to the reed buck, the male having horns of the same form, but is a smaller animal. This is a buck found in the upland districts of the colony.

These are the antelopes which the sportsman is likely to meet with in most districts of the colony, according to the country he is shooting over, whether bush or open land. Wire cart-

ridges are much used for antelope shooting. In the bush districts it is a common practice, when a few neighbors have made arrangements for a buck hunt, to send a number of Kafirs and dogs through the bush and coverts to drive the game, the sportsmen being posted at any spots where the bucks are likely to break cover. The bucks frequenting the open lands are commonly shot from the saddle, a steady shooting horse being used. A thoroughly broken shooting horse, in addition to being devoid of all fear of the gun, will, when the rider has dismounted, remain about the same spot, and suffer himself to be caught and remounted without difficulty, and will allow a dead buck to be fastened behind the saddle. A dog well under command is very useful for running down wounded antelopes, as, buck-shot being generally used, many are lost when no dog is taken.

The bush pig is to be met with upon the coast,

and appears to be nocturnal in its habits. It is generally shot by lying in wait in the bush, as also may be the three kinds of bush bucks already mentioned. Upon some of the upland plains the *vlaske vark*, a species of wild boar, is to be found. Hartbeeste and quagga I make no mention of, as they are only to be found in limited numbers, and in the remoter parts of the colony.

Leopards are not very often seen. During



CAFFRARIAN ANTELOPE.

it has when disturbed of standing after running for a short distance, and turning round to gaze at its disturber. The Kafir name of the reed buck is *umseki*. The duyker is a smaller antelope than the preceding, of a gray color. The male carries a pair of small, straight, slender horns. This buck has been named *duyker* (diver) by the Dutch, on account of its plunging gait when running. The Kafir name is *im-poonze*. The ourebi is a rather smaller ante-



my residence in South Africa, having traveled the greater part of Natal, from Durban to the Berg, and also Zululand from end to end, I have seen only one leopard in the wild state, and one which was caught in an iron trap by an inn-keeper at Verulam. Their *spoor*, or footmarks, are, nevertheless, frequently to be seen.

Partridges of two kinds are found in most parts of the colony. Guinea-fowls abound in some districts, both on the coast and in the uplands. Wild ducks of various kinds, also, are to be found both on the coast and in the uplands. Snipes are to be found in many of the marshy spots; and quails are tolerably abundant in most parts of the colony. A species of bustard known by the name of *pauw* is much sought for by sportsmen during the Winter months. The *pauws* are found in flocks, searching for food upon the blackened turf of the pasture lands, where the old grass has been burnt off, and are wary and difficult of approach. This bird is about as large as a turkey. The flesh is excellent.

The snakes of Natal are rather numerous, and some very venomous; but though I have met with four cases of men bitten, not one terminated fatally. I have not known a white man bitten. The treatment, should no medical aid be within reach, is to administer immediately and repeatedly doses of *eau de luce*, also rubbing the *eau de luce* into the bitten part. Ten drops of *eau de luce* in a wine-glass of water may be given every ten minutes. Every house should contain a supply of *eau de luce*. In the event of no *eau de luce* being at hand, brandy or any other spirit, or wine, must be repeatedly administered; and some recommend a pinch of gunpowder to be placed upon the bitten part—previously scarified—and then ignited. As the venom is a blood poison only, the wound may be sucked, and the venom thus extracted, provided the operator has no abrasion about the mouth or lips. But observe, in all cases of snake-bite, immediate application of the remedy is necessary.

The python is not venomous, and does not appear to grow to a very enormous size in Natal. I have heard of pythons of thirty feet in length being killed, but have never seen one so large myself. The black *imamba* is one of the most dangerous snakes—if not the most dangerous—in Natal. It is of a livid black color, and grows to the length of ten feet or more. This snake shows little fear of man when attacked, but will boldly return the charge, and has even been known to take the aggressive. The green *imamba*, also a very venomous snake, is, as its name implies, a snake of a

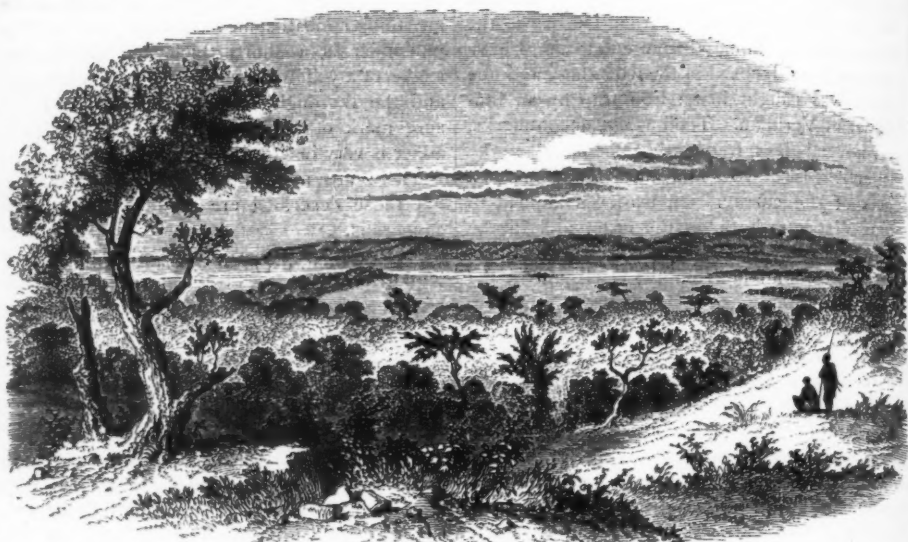
very bright green color, and is as beautiful as any thing so loathsome as a snake can be. The puff-adder is a short, thick, bloated-looking snake, of a yellowish color, with dark markings, and the thorough ace-of-spades shaped head, sure mark of a venomous snake. The puff-adder is very inactive and sluggish in its habits.

There are many other varieties of snakes, but those described are considered the most dangerous.

I will add a few words respecting the fish of Natal, having to plead guilty to the weakness of liking the gentle sport. Most of the rivers in Natal contain fish, some of which will rise to a fly. A fish called "barbel" by the colonists grows to a large size in some rivers and lagoons. Eels also attain great weight. I have seen one brought from the Tugela River which weighed twenty-five pounds. Also sea-fish are generally to be obtained in Durban, some of them very palatable; and fishing is to be had both outside the bar and within the bay of Natal, as also about the rocks at the mouths of most of the rivers of the colony, where a grand day's sport may occasionally be obtained. Oysters, crawfish, and mussels are to be found on the rocks at low water, and shrimps are constantly hawked about Durban for sale.

The general aspect of the Zululand is very similar to that of Natal—a good deal of bush country along the coast, and open grass-land in the upper districts. The country, like Natal, is well watered by several fine rivers and by numerous small streams. The three principal rivers are the Maticulu, the Umhlatusé, and the Umfelose. Umpanda, the present chief or King of the Zulus, is a man of advanced years, and, like most elderly Kafir chiefs, has grown very corpulent. The Zulu king holds a thoroughly despotic sway over his subjects—their lives are truly in his hand. He has several sons who have arrived at the age of manhood, each occupying his particular district. Cetywayo is the one likely to succeed to the government of the Zulu nation.

As to the habits and manners of the Zulus, polygamy is the custom of the country, and the father receives a certain number of cattle for each of his daughters when taken as a wife. There is at the wedding a great feast of beef and *chualla* (Kafir beer), and a number of ceremonies and dances. The *chualla* is brewed from maize and millet, and, though very turbid and uninviting in appearance, has a slightly acid and rather pleasant taste, and is certainly refreshing upon a hot dusty day; but it has intoxicating properties, as I have frequently witnessed when present at their great beer-



VIEW NEAR DURBAN.

drinkings. I remember, upon one of these beer-imbibing occasions, seeing a young man actually bite the top of another's thumb off in a drunken quarrel. All the work of cultivating the maize and millet is performed by the women, the men considering such work derogatory. The men build and repair the huts and milk the cows. They also fill up some of their leisure by making wooden spoons, ornamental snuff-boxes, knob-sticks, and milking-buckets—all of which they manufacture with surprising skill, considering the tools at their command, namely, the commonest kind of European knives, supplied by the traders, and a small tool, made by themselves, like an *assegai* (or spear) head. The mats used for sleeping upon, the baskets, and the clay pots for cooking and holding liquids, are made by the women. The dress of a Zulu, whether male or female, is very scant. The men wear two bundles of strips of fur girdled round the waist: this, their sole article of clothing, is called the *mutchla*. During cold weather they generally lounge about their kraals with a blanket over the shoulders; but this can hardly be considered part of their usual dress. The girls wear merely a girdle of beads, worked in a pattern, round the hips, from which depends a fringe about three inches in length, made by themselves from some kind of grass, I believe: this is called the *ibendhla*.

The married men, and those about to marry, shave all the hair (or rather wool) from their heads, with the exception of a circle round the crown, which they surmount with a ring formed

from the gum of a shrub found in the bush. This badge is called the *isikoko*, and is always kept bright and clean. It has much the appearance of black vulcanized India-rubber. To seize or tear the *isikoko* is considered a great insult among the Zulus. The married women, and some of the girls previous to marriage, shave the whole head, with the exception of a small knot at the summit, which they daub with a bright red clay. The married women wear a kind of short petticoat of dressed hide, somewhat resembling chamois leather. Children of both sexes are completely nude. The weapons which the Zulu men constantly carry consist of the *assegai*, a kind of javelin, made of a very tough wood, with an iron head, which they throw with great force and tolerable precision, and the *knobkerry*, which is also often used as a missile: this is merely a short stick of hard wood, with a large knob at the top. They also carry shields of an oval form, made of cattle hide dressed with the hair on. The war shields are sufficiently large to protect the whole body.

All Zulu children have their ears pierced, or rather slit, at an early age, as it is customary to carry the snuff-box in the orifice thus formed in the lobe of the ear. The snuff-box used is either a little cylinder of reed, curiously ornamented, or a little carved horn bottle. Both these are made during the Zulu's leisure; or they use a box supplied by the traders, merely the small cylindrical vesta match-box, about two inches long and half an inch in diameter. All the Zulus are great snuff-takers. Each kraal

cultivates its patch of tobacco with great care. The snuff is made from dried tobacco and the burnt ashes of an aloe found in the country, and is rather pungent. Should any traveler who has visited Zululand chance to read these lines, he will doubtless remember the constant request for snuff, particularly in the upper districts. "*Chiella melunga!*" "*Chiella guai!*" "*Chiella macallain!*" Tobacco is not smoked, but *nsango*, a kind of wild hemp, is used in its place, the fumes being inhaled from a sort of hookah formed from a cow-horn. This pipe is passed from mouth to mouth, a few whiffs only being taken, as the smoke is a strong narcotic.

The huts in Zululand are precisely similar to

those of the Kafirs of Natal—the Kafir population of Natal being composed almost entirely of Zulu refugees and their descendants—and are in shape like bee-hives, made of a strong framework of wattles, bound firmly together, and thatched thickly with grass, or in some instances with grass mats; an aperture between two and three feet in height is left for ingress and egress, which is closed at night by a basket-work door. The floor is made of ant-heap, wetted, and then beaten with round stones until quite hard and smooth. This floor is formed into a round shallow basin in the center, which acts as a fire-place. No attempt at a chimney is made, and in the upland districts the huts



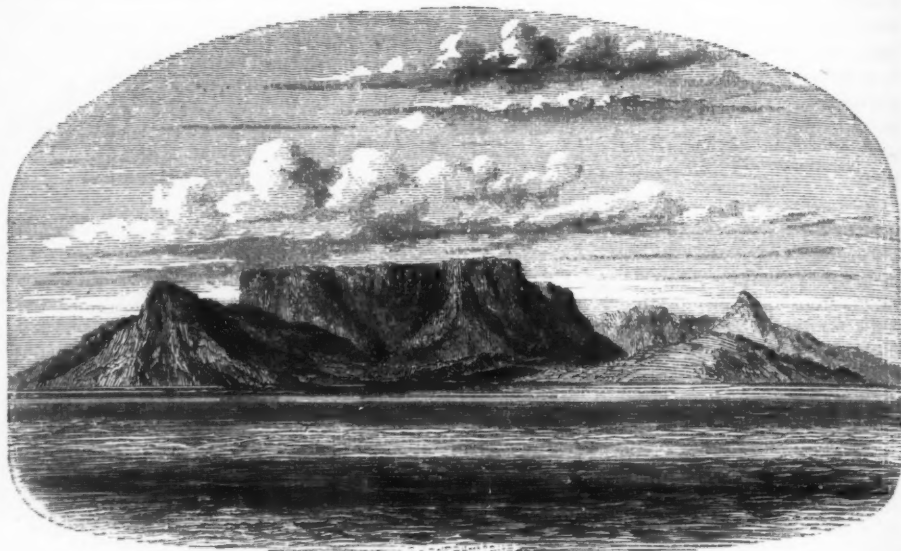
ZULU VILLAGE.

are very disagreeable sleeping-places, as, no wood being obtainable, a mixture of cow-dung and clay, dried in the sun, is burnt, the smoke from which is very irritating to the eyes and throat.

The Zulus are certainly a fine athletic race of savages, generally honest, but indolent and cunning. The girls, while young, often possess fine figures and pleasing faces. The language is decidedly musical, and I have often listened with pleasure to the conversation of a bevy of girls; their voices as a rule being peculiarly silvery—this remark certainly does not apply to the older women—though at times I hardly heard a word distinctly, and at other times the subject under discussion has been my own per-

sonal advantages and disadvantages, as seen from a Zulu point of view.

The Zulus have no form of religion or worship. A few European mission stations exist in the country, but the missionaries do not as yet appear to have made many converts. A belief in witchcraft exists both in Zululand and among the Kafir tribes in Natal; and many a native has met his death at the hands of his own people, being condemned as the possessor of supernatural powers. The victim is executed in a horrible manner. The perpetrators of the last of these murders in Natal were tried, condemned, and executed in Durban—Nokohlela, Matyoban, and Kongota were the names of the culprits, I remember.



COAST VIEW NEAR ST. LUCIA BAY.

Men who are designated "doctors" exist among the different tribes; but the natives, as a rule, have a strong belief in European medicines also. The more violent in its effects and nauseous in taste the remedy presented to a Kafir, the greater seems to be his faith in the skill of the white man from whom he obtained it. I remember upon one occasion, during my Zulu trading experience, administering a pinch of quinine—a packet of which I generally carried in my belt-pouch, as a safeguard against Zulu fever—to a *salakas*—old woman—who told me that she feared she was "going to die." Happening to pass the same *kraal* on my return journey, I was surprised to find myself liberally supplied with *amarsi*—clotted milk—a scarce article just then, it being the middle of Winter, and grass very poor—and nothing asked in exchange; and was still more astonished when informed that I had restored an old woman to health, and, consequently, was welcome to the best the *kraal* afforded.

In many parts of Zululand great quantities of game are to be met with, including lions, leopards, hippopotami, rhinoceros—the black and the white variety—buffalo, eland, wildebeeste, koodoo—the koodoo is one of the largest of the South African antelopes, and carries a pair of spiral horns sometimes more than three feet in length—and also the various antelopes found in Natal. St. Lucia Bay, a large lagoon at the extreme end of the Zulu country, contains numbers of hippopotami, and large game abounds in the neighborhood and through the whole

Impokinyoni, which is the district lying between the River Umvelose and the border of the Amatonga tribe, and is under the control of Samcheli, one of the sons of Umpanda. An Englishman wishing to take a hunting trip in the Zulu country must apply to the chief for permission to shoot, and accompany his application with a present. The traders, of course, carry guns, and shoot whatever game comes in their way. Pauw, partridges, cranes, and wild ducks are abundant in many parts of Zululand.

The Amatonga people are a peaceful race, keeping no cattle, being fearful of tempting the cupidity of their warlike neighbors, the Zulus. The English trader, however, enters their country—a decidedly unhealthy one—for the purpose of buying the skins of a kind of wild cat (*nseembi*), and of a monkey (*semanga*). Having purchased a number of these in exchange for cotton, sheets, etc., the trader returns to Zululand and barter them away for cattle. The Zulu young men are particularly fond of these skins, and willing often to part with their best cattle for them. In language and dress the Amatonga are very similar to the Zulus.

The Amaswazi are another neighboring tribe of the Zulus, and the traders often go through the Zulu country into the land of the Amaswazi for cattle, bartering for them in the same way as among the Zulus. The Amaswazi cattle are small, and similar to the Zulu. Zulu trading, or any trading among the savages, is not the occupation which a newly arrived colonist could take up, as it requires considerable experience



of the habits and feelings of the natives to make a successful trader and avoid dangerous quarrels. The trader who takes a wagon or tented cart into the Zulu country, of course, has a much better time of it than one who travels on foot, though he has frequently to leave his wagon for days together, many parts of the country being inaccessible for cart or wagon. A stout pony is, of course, a great convenience, but it is not advisable to take an animal of any value, as the change of climate, exposure, and general "hard lines" are apt to prove fatal to a horse used to good stabling, food, and care.

During the Summer months the coast of Zululand is unhealthy, more especially the Impokinyoni district; and a foreigner is apt to be struck down by Zulu fever when far from the aid of white men. Quinine is generally considered the chief remedy; but the fever is a severe affair, and the sooner the white man is conveyed into the colony, and within reach of medical aid, the better. Fever occasionally attacks the foreigner even in the cool upland districts of the Zulu country during the Summer months.

The discovery of gold in the Matabele country, far in the interior, beyond the Dutch Republic, is likely to have a great and beneficial influence on the Natal colony, Port Natal and the capital, Durban, being the most convenient outlet to the produce of the whole region. As far as mere distance is concerned, the Portuguese sea-port of Sofala is very much nearer the locality of the mines, but they are separated by nearly two hundred miles of rugged and unhealthy country, while the road from Natal, after crossing the Drakenberg, lies along the vast upland plains in a pleasant climate. The gold is found only in the quartz rock, and can be worked therefore only by machinery.

#### THE BIBLE AND PROGRESS.

IN the evening of our century, in the most enlightened and free country of the world, and in its best communities, the proposition is distinctly made to exclude the Bible from the halls of learning. The fact may stand as an incident of progress, and at the time when the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, it may serve as an interesting reminiscence of the mission fulfilled by Divine revelation.

The opposition now manifested against the Bible, and which characterizes the whole length of the age in which we live, is not to be lightly estimated. It is well not to underestimate the

force of antagonism. From the completion of the sacred canon until now the Bible has been opposed, and has had a corresponding defense. The contest is not likely to cease, and never was there a time when it was more necessary to "contend for the faith" than now. Cultured mind in America, in England, in Germany, in France, and on a larger scale than ever, is arrayed against the Word of God. An able writer in the *British Quarterly Review* says: "There is coming upon the Church a current of doubts, deeper far and darker than ever swelled against her before, a current strong in learning, crested with genius, strenuous yet calm in progress. It seems the last grand trial of truth. Against the battlements of Zion a motley throng have gathered themselves together. Socinians, atheists, doubters, open foes, bewildered fiends are in the field, although no trumpet has been blown, and no charge publicly sounded. There are the old desperadoes of infidelity, the lost followers of Paine and Voltaire; there is the stolid, scanty, and sleepy troop of the followers of Owen; there follow the Communists of France, a fierce, disorderly crew; the Commentators of Germany come, too, with pick-axes in their hands, saying, Raze it, raze it to the foundations. There you see the *garde mobile*, the vicious and vain youths of Europe. On the outskirts of the fight hangs, cloudy and uncertain, a small but select band, whose wavering surges is surmounted by the dark and lofty crest of Carlyle and Emerson. 'Their swords are a thousand,' their purposes are various. In this, however, all agree, that Christianity and the Bible ought to go down before advancing civilization."

Such is the opposition that confronts us. "One period has fought for Christ's sepulcher, another for his body and blood; the present period contends for his Word." One who seems to have well surveyed the movement, both in Europe and America, ventures the opinion that "the life or death of modern society hangs upon the issue."

We may well, then, come to the study of the Bible in its outer aspects—its relations to society and progress. What is the Bible worth to society? What effect has it had, and has it now, on the general movement of things? Is it a repository of intelligence, of morals and hope, the world elsewhere can not find? Does it add vigor and support to society? Is it a stay, the removal of which would be destructive to the whole social fabric? These are practical questions, worthy of consideration when it is proposed to blot out "the light of the world."

It is an important view of the Bible that it

betters man's physical condition. Its office in this respect is too generally overlooked. The view is confined to its spiritual benefits, its morals, and disclosures of a future life, higher and better than this; whereas its first blessings are to be realized in this life. Wherever the Word of God has free course "the mountains and hills break forth into singing and the trees of the field clap their hands. Instead of the thorn comes up the fir-tree, instead of the brier, the myrtle-tree." "The mountains bring peace to the people, and the little hills by righteousness." It renews the face of nature, and the "deserts rejoice as the rose."

The highest type of progress has ever been found in those countries where the light and influence of the Bible have been felt. The oldest and best civilization prior to the rise of Christianity is that found on the soil of Judea. In its earlier stages it was grander than the Egyptian, in its later than the Grecian, and in its final mission it was the savior of all that was good in the Roman. "Rightly regarded," says an able thinker, "Jewish civilization must be confessed to be the most wonderful, and incomparably the most exalted and beneficent in character, of the national developments of the ancient world. The names of Moses, David, Solomon, Isaiah, Daniel, stand as memorials of its glory. Its immediate sphere was limited, but how sublime its story, how pure and elevated its worship and morality, how unapproachable the majesty and splendor of its literature, how wide its influence upon the nations, how unquenchable its vitality!"

If we look over the countries existing since the completion of the canon of Revelation, we have an argument for the Bible that most powerfully addresses the senses. We behold the vast difference in the material, intellectual, and moral state of mankind. In the oldest and most populous regions we see stagnation—"regions and shadows of death." In other quarters, not so old or populous, there is the same lethargy, ignorance, and lack of enterprise. A third view reveals to us countries in a far advanced state, where man is comparatively elevated and joyous, as if some other sun were shining upon his path!

Enterprise seems to have its seat of activity altogether in the lands of the Bible. Take the single matter of commerce. This is an exponent of progress. A nation without it can not be considered as far advanced. But where, outside of Bible lands, is commerce carried on to any considerable extent? Barbarous nations have nothing that can be dignified with the name. Nor does it belong to peoples that may

not be considered barbarous, except as they have it by contact with Christian States. Commerce never originates with such. They build no vessels above the type of canoes; dock-yards are unknown on their shores, and their sail are never seen on distant seas. Even China and India, the oldest empires of the globe, have never gone abroad, but waited for the vessels and caravans of other nations to approach them.

It is a remarkable fact that the vessels that first sailed over the great waters of the globe, went out from Christian lands. Columbus himself was a Christian man, and one of the great motives actuating him as a discoverer, was a desire to impart the knowledge of Christ. The San Vittoria, with which the immortal Magellan was the first of the human race to sail around the world, had the sign of the cross streaming at her mast-head. De Gama, the great discoverer of the commercial route to India, by the Cape of Good Hope, belonged to the most enlightened and Christian nation of his day. It is a simple matter of history, that in relation to Africa, India, and America, the Bible was at the foundation of their discovery and exploration. And in regard to Polynesia, the great world of the South Pacific, though Spanish cupidity and British gold acted as the great motors, yet it was from these Bible States that the power went forth that developed the wonders of this vast realm.

Inventive genius has its seat in Christian lands. Indeed, it has ever abode within the precincts of divine light—as if its action could only be prompted by celestial influence. Ever since the days of Bezaleel it has been found close by the ark of God. Wherever divine light has shone the brightest, there she has manifested her greatest wonders. Not in the darkness and stupidity of pagan countries, but in England, France, Germany, America, where the fires of divine truth are stirred the most, alike by friend and foe, this spirit is rife on a scale never before known. She seems intent on meeting every necessity of progress, revolutionizing every department of business, quickening the pace of creation, imparting vigor and tone to the heart and muscle of man.

Social advancement is confined to Christian lands. The social element of humanity does not develop spontaneously; if so, it would be the same every-where. It is subject to indispensable conditions. In realms unvisited by divine light, wonderful as may be its susceptibilities, this element is stationary from age to age. Each generation is in the mold of its predecessor. In no part of this planet does *woman* stand forth in her true excellence as in the

lands of the Bible. Dignity, intelligence, progress belong to her here. No wonder the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society has sprung into existence. It is a creation of Bible truth. Woman in no land will have her true dignity if the Bible is not there. And without womanly dignity social progress is impossible in any clime.

The seat of intellectual life is also in Christian lands. Heathenism has produced her great poets, philosophers, orators. But how few and far between, as compared with the multitudes in the realm of the Christian civilization! Are not all the great poets, philosophers, historians, scholars, of the last two thousand years, in that realm? What has heathenism to show? And where does science find her highest cultivation? Where is it that the heavens and the earth are most penetrated and made to reveal their secrets? Whence comes the scholarly enterprise that penetrates past nations, excavates buried cities, deciphers ancient monuments, and lays the lore of all generations at our feet?

In Christian lands only is there advancement in moral ideas. There is no moral idea to-day in the whole realm of Asia, from the Volga to the Hoangho, that was not there when Abraham traversed her plains. The fact is, expansion of moral ideas is possible only where there is a divine revelation. Without this there is no moral standard, high and broad, around which man's moral notions may twine, nor soil in which they may germinate. In paganism, whether in Christian or heathen lands, morality is ever on a dead level. Nothing breaks its long and death-like repose. "Since the revelation of Christianity all moral thought has been sanctified by religion. Religion has given it a purity, a solemnity, a sublimity which, even among the noblest of the heathen, we shall look for in vain. The knowledge that shone by fits and dimly on the eyes of Socrates and Plato, eyes 'that rolled in vain to find the light,' has descended over many lands, into the huts where poor men lie; and thoughts are familiar there, beneath the low and smoky roofs, higher far than ever flowed from the lips of Grecian sage meditating among the magnificence of his pillared temples."

The vast difference between the Christian and pagan condition of mankind suggests an inquiry into its cause.

1. It is not of fortuity or chance that it is so.

2. Mr. Buckle and Mr. Draper, the materialistic philosophers of Europe and America, attribute this difference to material causes, as the physical aspect of the different countries, their

climate, natural productiveness, political institutions, etc. Much, undoubtedly, is to be attributed to these agencies. But this does not solve the problem.

Nature primarily possesses nothing to awaken civilization. We are to look into the constitution of man, especially his moral attributes, rather than into the constitution of nature for the possibilities of civilization. For in the most favored climes on earth man fades away into barbarism; in the most sterile and unpromising, he builds up the most enduring progress. And civilization exists where every physical advantage combines to aid it, and then, again under the same external advantages, it does not exist at all. San Domingo is as fair a clime as Italy. This may show that civilization may not be indebted at all to physical circumstances, at least that something more is essential. Asia, the land of the first civilizations, possesses every variety known to any great country. Yet every civilization she ever had was ephemeral, and to-day she has not one that is not superannuated. North America bears up the youngest but most hopeful civilization the world has yet seen, yet for untold ages her broad domain was held by peoples of whose thrift and advancement no trace can be found. Why has civilization arisen with the present population, if physical causation is the basis of progress?

And what of the Feejean realm? It is the gem on the bosom of God's creation. Why, in this ocean-embosomed paradise, has no gorgeous civilization appeared?—a world gemmed with pearl and gold, robed with luxuriant and gorgeous vegetation, where silvery streams flow beneath genial skies through opulent soils; yet memorable, not for civilization, not for refinement that verges on excess, but as the realm of cannibals until the Bible came with its power of regeneration.

3. In its origin, all progress, we believe, springs from some one great principle, and is controlled by it in its movements. It is in the moral universe as in the natural. A few centuries since an observer, looking out upon the diverse and complicated system of Nature, could not divine what great law was at the bottom of her movements—what sustained and guided her course. From the earliest days this had been the problem in the intellectual world. Its solution had tasked the mightiest intellects, from Thales to Descartes. It was reserved to the immortal Newton to make the sublime discovery, and the law of gravitation became the philosophy of the universe. Now, is there not a central, all-controlling law in the moral as well as the physical creation? Does

the law of gravitation reflect upon the wisdom of the Deity? Nay, does it not add luster to it? And does it detract from the glory of the divine name to suppose there is one law governing all human progress—a law impressed upon man by the Creator, essential as the basis of his elevation? Will not such a law also add luster to that name?

Now this law we find in the moral sense, or conscience. Its tendency is to secure elevation—*uprightness*. It is that on which divine influence ever acts, even when all is dark to the sense and the intellect. It is this, too, that makes man in some way ever turn to God, even amid heathen night to “feel after him, if haply he may find him.” Under attraction all things tend to one point—the needle on every ocean, in every storm, in every darkest night, points to the pole.

The light that guides the conscience where revelation does not exist is undoubtedly the Spirit of God; in the Christian world, both the Word and the Spirit. From these great sources man has ever been guided on his way. His noblest advances have been made under the light of God's Word.

Progress, then, is related to the Sacred Records. Philip Smith, perhaps the ablest living historian, suggests that “the story of progress has its beginning in these Records, and that it is to be followed from the dawn of civilization in the East, through the successive Oriental empires; the rise of liberty, and the perfection of heathen polity, arts, and literature in Greece and Rome; the change which passed over the world when the light of Christianity sprang up; the origin and first appearance of those barbarian races who overthrew both divisions of the Roman Empire; the annals of the States which rose on the Empire's ruins, including the picturesque details of mediæval history, and the steady progress of modern liberty and civilization; and the extension of these influences, by discovery, conquest, colonization, and Christian missions, to the remotest regions of the earth.” Every philosophical student of history, concerned only to know its true import, must, we think, reach a similar conclusion.

Let it now be noted that the Book itself claims to have these outer relations. It assumes to be the infallible guide of mankind, and the renewer of the earth. Its great proclamation is, that this planet can not obtain rest until it is filled with the knowledge of God.

It is under the guardianship of its author. Man may abuse it as he abuses nature, but can not destroy the one or the other. In ancient days, when only its first draft had been issued,

divine power attended it. Rivers were parted, walls of cities fell down, armies put to flight, sun and moon stilled in their orbits for the advance of the ark of God. Does God love his Word less now that it is a completed volume? After so long a time is it supposable that there is any power to check its progress or hinder its free circulation? May not the greatest obstacles still be removed when his wrath is kindled but a little? Be wise now, therefore. All the wonders of progress have sprung up along its path. A pillar of cloud and fire marked its ancient way, and in modern times the only zone of light spanning the world is over the line of its march.

But now the cry is, after it has conducted humanity almost in sight of the portals of light, down with the Bible. Three great powers raise the cry—infidels, Catholics, and politicians. Strange to say, the movement originates within the pales of the nominal Church. It was never so before. Paine, Voltaire, Hume, were open foes, and appeared in an open field. But it will be remembered that Colenso is a bishop. Theodore Parker, whose baneful influence still sweeps over the world, was an ordained minister. Mr. Frothingham, Mr. Parker's most earnest disciple, declares that he reads the Bible as any other book, criticises it, judges it, but expects no superhuman wisdom from it, and will not call it the word of God, or the book in which the words of God are specially written. The Roman hierarchy regard its free use as dangerous, not to the masses, but to the hierarchy. Charlemagne wept when he saw the first Norman ship upon the waters of the Mediterranean. It boded misfortune to his empire. The Pope has been weeping over the Bible since the Reformation, and now he is in an agony. Put it in the school-room, and it will prostrate the Church in every free country of the globe! And every-where freedom is raising her banners! “O, Theodore, what shall I do?” Politicians are concerned for patronage. Parties want power. Hence, in those States where the Roman Catholics have a balance of power, action in the Catholic interest may be expected. New York, in this regard, is now a Roman Catholic State—it is to be feared.

But progress must have its conflicts. These she must neither evade nor fear. In the great contests of this age, in all countries, the right triumphs. There is meaning in this. The sun's rays can not be driven back to their source, nor the river to its fountains, nor liberty to its dungeons. The Bible is marching on. The millions it has emancipated are its friends, and will not suffer it to be either exiled or destroyed.





MICHAEL ANGELO.

**T**HIS great sculptor, architect, and painter, was born A. D. 1474, in the neighborhood of Florence. His great genius showed itself in his earliest childhood. The ruler of Tuscany, Lorenzo de Medici, a great patron of the arts, was so pleased with the boy's simple manners, as well as by his devotion to art, that he invited him to reside entirely in his house, where he remained three years, treated with the greatest kindness. On Lorenzo's death, his brother Pietro continued to patronize Michael Angelo, but in a different spirit. Treating art as a toy, he employed the artist during a severe Winter to make a statue of snow. Owing to

his bad government Pietro was driven from Florence in 1494.

A few years later, Michael Angelo made the celebrated statue of a "sleeping Cupid," which was sent to Rome, where, without the sculptor's consent, it was shown as a piece of sculpture which had been dug up from a vineyard and pronounced to be a genuine antique, superior to any thing which the art of the day had been able to produce. When the trick was known, Michael Angelo's reputation was so increased by it, that he was invited to Rome, where he devoted himself to close study, and executed several marvelous works. By the novelty and

grandeur of his style he created quite a new era in the arts. He designed the celebrated church of St. Peter's at Rome, the largest and grandest in the world, as well as the magnificent monument of Pope Julius II's tomb.

While this latter work was in progress, his patron, the same Pope, delighted to come and inspect it, but it was interrupted by an accident which strongly marks the character of the artist. Having twice called upon his Holiness and not been able to obtain admission, and imagining that he had been rudely treated by an officer in attendance, he told his servants to sell his goods to the Jews, and at once started for Florence. Five couriers from the Pope hastened after him, to command his immediate return, but the great sculptor was inflexible and continued his journey. Arrived at Florence he was summoned by the Pontiff to return to Rome. At last he yielded to persuasion. The Pope received him angrily; the artist excused himself, saying, that after his faithful services to his Holiness, he could not submit to the indignity of being denied admission to him. A bishop in attendance observed to the Pope that such persons, however expert in their profession, were usually ignorant of every thing else. "Who told thee to interfere?" said Julius, bestowing a hearty blow with his staff on the bishop's shoulders, and commanding Michael Angelo to kneel, he gave him his benediction and received him into full favor.

The great artist now commenced one of his grandest works, the painting of the roof of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican, which he completed in a year and eight months. When Raphael saw it, struck with admiration, he immediately changed his own style, and, with the candor of a great mind, thanked God that he had been born in the same age with so great an artist. The next Pope, Leo X, treated Michael Angelo badly, and during his whole pontificate we can not but read with surprise and indignation that this extraordinary man was employed in hewing rocks and excavating a road for the conveyance of marble from the quarries. Afterward he withdrew to Venice, where he designed the Rialto Bridge. Returned to Rome he finished Julius II's monument, and proceeded with his picture of the Last Judgment, also for the Sistine Chapel, an immense work, which occupied him eight years.

The career of Michael Angelo is an example of the splendid results produced by great powers when joined with great opportunities.

The closing years of his life were occupied in the construction of the magnificent fabric of St. Peter's Church. He was able also to direct

fortifications, adorn the Capital with superb buildings, finish the Farnese palace, and design many other great works. Old age with its infirmities came upon him, but he retained the vigor of his mental faculties to the end. He died A. D. 1563, in his eighty-ninth year. His last words were, "In your passage through this life remember the sufferings of Jesus Christ." He was buried at Rome, but his remains were afterward removed to the Church of Sta. Croce at Florence, where so many of the great men of Italy have found their last resting-place.

#### GOING AWAY.

So you're going away, my darling,  
With your sunny eyes of blue;  
Will they ever meet with others  
That so love to look on you?  
Is this our fair-haired baby  
That wants to be a man?  
Just wait a moment longer,  
And hear me, while you can.

Be very humble, darling,  
And wait the Master's call;  
Who made the work and workmen,  
He knoweth the place for all.  
If he send you o'er the mountain,  
O! never betray your trust;  
If he bid you tread the valley,  
There are diamonds in the dust.

Be very kindly, darling,  
In the slippery way of life;  
Who gives his hand to a brother,  
But steadies himself for strife.  
Where we stop to help another,  
We find our sweetest rest,  
And to make our lives run smoothly,  
Samaritan oil is best.

Wound never a heart that loves you,  
For riches or worldly gain;  
The gold and the glory may glitter,  
But the scar will still remain.  
And spurn no hand though feeble,  
That would smallest burden lift;  
Remember, 't is the altar  
That sanctifies the gift.

Have faith in your friends, my darling,  
Believe them what they seem;  
The heart of the sun is hotter  
Than noon's directest beam.  
They were merry in the meadows,  
When the Summer days were long,  
When the Wint'ry sky shall darken,  
They will still be true and strong.

My heart is heavy, my darling,  
With the lessons you have to learn;  
The tears you will shed in the night-time,  
The idols that you must burn;

Yet I know how true and tender,  
The Father's hand above,  
Who pities us in our blindness,  
And leads us by his love.

Then go away, my darling,  
With your sunny eyes of blue ;  
May they oftentimes meet with others  
That will love to look on you !  
You will always be our baby,  
Though in the world a man ;  
Stay not a moment longer,  
But leave me while you can.

### EARTH'S VIGIL.

O HEART of the earth, where they laid him,  
Didst know what was trusted to thee,  
When in the dim evening they brought him,  
With the rich in his burial to be ?

There once was a lowly born maiden  
Whose love went, unsought, to the king ;  
He, roaming alone in the forest,  
Felt under his doublet a sting.

His sight and his strength were departing ;  
He staggered and scarcely could stand,  
As he entered a forester's dwelling,  
Holding fast a dead snake in his hand.

'T was the home of the maiden that loved him,  
And there she was sitting alone ;  
She sprang to assist and console him—  
So instantly, perfectly known.

"Fear not, O my liege ; 't will not harm thee,  
But short, though so potent, its spell ;  
'T is only to sleep while I guard thee,  
And soon thou wilt wake and be well.

My couch is sweet fern newly gathered,  
And spread with fresh linen to-day ;  
Lie down, and I 'll sing to thee softly,  
And keep every danger away."

She sings, while his splendid eye closes,  
His cheek to her pillow is prest ;  
"No power of the serpent can hold thee,  
This slumber is only for rest."

Ah ! there lay the lord of her bosom,  
The king of a mighty realm there ;  
His power and his grandeur forgotten,  
All helpless, asleep in her care.

Her king was a warrior hero,  
Triumphant wherever he trod ;  
With the courage and strength of a Titan,  
With the face and the form of a god.

His shining locks, decking her pillow,  
Were sweet with a subtle perfume,  
The which, with the scent of his garments,  
Like incense pervaded the room.

The aloes, the myrrh, and the spices,  
Brought late in the dark of one morn,  
This slumbering king, in his beauty,  
His pride and his glory had worn.

"He is mine ! he is mine !" sang the maiden,  
"While this precious slumber shall last ;  
But when he awakes and goes from me,  
My joy and my life will be past."

O say, yearning spirit of woman,  
Hath earth any language can show  
The rapture, the pain, and the trembling  
Such life-drinking vigil must know ?

And when in earth's quivering bosom  
Her king and her Maker were laid,  
Though veiled in the flesh, still she knew him,  
And trembled with joy, though afraid.

And while all his brethren were doubting  
The Christ if they ever had seen,  
Earth doubted not him, though in wonder  
At what his strange slumber might mean.

But still as she watched him she chanted,  
"Thou 'rt mine while asleep on my breast,  
And no power of the serpent can hold thee—  
This slumber is only for rest."

And nothing one moment could win her  
To turn from her vigil aside—  
How should not all nature stand waiting,  
When he in whom life is had died ?

Thus faithfully, rev'rently watching,  
Earth saw him awake and arise,  
And quaked to her heart at his triumph,  
With pleasure, but not with surprise.

### THE DYING YEAR.

FROM my frost-girdled home,  
In the Northland I come,  
The royal-robed Autumn is faded and fled ;  
Then slumber, ye pale perished flow'rs, in your  
graves ;

Awake, my wild winds, from your shadowy caves,  
To murmur a mass for the beautiful dead.

Full silent and fleet,  
Are my ice-sandaled feet ;  
Strong is my staff that hath smitten the stream,  
The mountain pine bends like a vassal to me,  
And loud moans the surge of the welcoming sea—  
The world hath awaked from her soft Autumn  
dream.

Life a-weary and old,  
And a-shiver with cold,  
Bows the sorrowful year like a priest at his prayer ;  
Break forth into stars, O bitter bleak sky,  
To garland the hour when a monarch shall die,  
Lift lightly, O breezes, his silvery hair.

But afar off the Spring,  
'Mid her roses doth sing—  
I haste to a home with the beautiful dead—  
She 'll break my proud heart with her soft Southern  
breath,  
And chant in her triumph the dirge of my death,  
While the snow of her daisies shall cover my head.

## THE EAGLES.

**B**UFFON has sketched a portrait of the eagle, but his picture is by no means a model of accuracy: "The eagles," he says, "both physically and morally, present several points of harmony with the lion. In the first place, in strength, and consequently in an empire over other birds, as the lion over beasts. In magnanimity; for he, too, disdains small creatures, and despises their insults. The eagle will for a long time bear with the troublesome cries of the crow and the magpie ere he makes up his mind to punish them with death. Added to this, he covets no good things that he has not conquered for himself, and no other prey than that of his own catching. In temperance; for he scarcely ever eats the whole of his victim, and, like the lion, leaves the bits and fragments for other creatures. However great may be his hunger, he will never feed upon dead carcasses. Again, like the lion, he lives a solitary life, inhabiting a desert, into which he allows no other bird to enter, and in which he himself must be the sole hunter; for two pairs of eagles in the same mountain district are, perhaps, a rarer sight than two families of lions in the same part of a forest. They keep at a sufficient distance from one another, so that the space allotted to them should furnish each an ample subsistence; and the extent of their demesne is regulated by its productiveness. The eagle has a flashing eye like the lion, and is nearly of the same color; has claws of a similar shape, a breath equally rank, and a cry equally frightful. Both seem as if they were made for combat and the pursuit of prey; both are alike inimical to companionship, alike ferocious, alike proud, and difficult to tame."

Buffon has much overrated the reputation of the eagle; it will be well to reduce it to somewhat more just proportions. Agreeing with the immortal naturalist, we admit that the eagle is endowed with no common amount of strength. With regard to its magnanimity, we must be allowed to entertain a doubt. As a matter of fact, the eagle always attacks animals which are unable to resist it; if it disdains small birds, it is because they can easily evade its pursuit, and after all, there would be but little profit gained if they were caught. As to its moderation, it is easily proved to have no existence save in the imagination of the distinguished naturalist. On the contrary, the eagle is voracious; it never leaves its prey until it is completely surfeited, and then only because it is unable to carry away the remainder to its aerie. So far from despising dead carcasses, it will readily

feed upon them, even when it is not compelled by need, for it will gorge itself on carrion to such an extent that it frequently becomes incapable of avoiding its enemies. Its honesty, too, is a fact not better established, for the fish eagle pursues birds that are weaker than itself, and, in defiance of all justice, takes from them the booty which they have acquired through labor.

By a kind of rhetorical metaphor the eagle has been proclaimed "the king of birds." If the possession of strength, and the abuse which is made of it, constitute the attributes of royalty, the eagle has an unquestionable right to the title. But if with the kingly rank we connect the ideas of courage and nobility, it would never do to place the crown on the eagle's head.

The ancients were inspired with a juster sentiment in making the eagle the symbol of victory. The Assyrians, the Persians, and the Romans placed an eagle with outspread wings on the top of their standards; and even in modern times we find a representation of this bird filling the same emblematic post in the armies of several European nations. Some, as Austria, instead of *one* eagle, adopt *two* as their allusive emblazonry.

In consequence of the eagle mounting up to such prodigious heights the ancients looked upon it as the bird of Jupiter and the messenger of the gods. When Jove, after the withdrawal of Hebe, came down to earth to seek for another cup-bearer, he changed himself into an eagle, and it was under this shape he carried off Ganymede.

But we must leave mythology and symbols, and turn our attention to a matter-of-fact description of the great bird of prey.

In the eagle the sense of vision is developed to its very highest excellence. Contemplate him hovering majestically among the clouds, and you will be struck with admiration. By an imperceptible motion of his wings he maintains this prodigious height without fatigue. Perceiving a hazel hen on the heath below, he folds his wings, and in a few seconds drops down to within a short distance of the ground; then, with his legs stiffened, he swoops upon his prey, seizes his victim, and carries it away to some adjacent mountain.

The great strength of the muscles which work the wing of this bird will explain the power and long duration of his flight. The eagle is endowed with such an enormous amount of muscular force, that it contends successfully against the most powerful winds. Raymond, the naturalist, who has been styled "the painter of the Pyrenees," relates that, having reached



the summit of Mont Perdu, the loftiest peak of that range, he perceived an eagle pass over him at surprising speed, although it was flying against a strong head-wind. If to the weight of the body of the eagle we add that of the victim which it clutches in its talons; if we consider that this victim is often borne by it to considerable distances, and that the eagle will thus cross the chain of the Alps; if we also reflect that the prey is not unfrequently a chamois or a sheep, we shall be enabled to form some idea of its strength and muscular power.

The size of the eagle varies according to the race, but all attain imposing dimensions. The female of the golden eagle measures three feet nine inches from the tip of the beak to the points of the feet, and the spread of its wings is nearly ten feet. In the imperial eagle the spread of the wings is only six feet, and in the small marine eagle four feet four inches.

It has been stated that the eagle can travel sixty-five feet in a second, which would give a speed of forty-four miles an hour; but Naumann positively contradicts this assertion, on the ground that the eagle is incapable of overtaking a pigeon. It is, at all events, a matter of certainty that the flight of this bird is very rapid. An eagle has been noticed circling over a hare in a field, and hemming it in, so that the victim was unable to escape on either side, always finding its enemy in front.

The eagle builds its nest in the clefts of the most inaccessible rocks, or on their edge, that its brood may be safe from danger or surprise. This nest is nothing but a floor, made of sticks placed carelessly side by side, bound together with some pliable branches, and lined with leaves, reeds, and heather. However, its solidity is sufficient to resist for years the decay caused by time, and to bear the load of four or five birds, weighing from seventy to eighty pounds, with the provisions brought for their sustenance. Some eagles' nests have an area of as much as five feet square. The number of eggs laid is

generally two or three, rarely four. Incubation requires thirty days.

Eaglets being very voracious, the parent birds are compelled to hunt with great assiduity. Nevertheless, should scarcity occur, the young brood do not suffer, for nature has endowed them with the faculty of supporting abstinence for many days. This peculiarity they possess in common with all birds of prey. Buffon mentions an eagle which, having been taken in a trap, passed five weeks without any thing to eat, and did not appear enfeebled until the last eight days. An English author states that for twenty-one days a tame eagle was not fed, and that the bird appeared to have suffered little from its protracted fast.



FIG. 1.—GOLDEN EAGLE (*Aquila chrysaetos*).

When the young are large enough to provide for their own wants they are pitilessly driven from their paternal home; they then proceed to an unoccupied district, of which they take possession.

The eagle is, as we have before said, endowed

with immense muscular vigor; it is, therefore, able to carry off prey of considerable size, such as geese, turkeys, cranes, etc.; also hares, kids, and lambs. In the mountains in which chamois are abundant they are the principal objects of the eagle's pursuit, and it employs various stratagems to get these animals into its power; for the bird will not venture to make its attack in front, as the chamois is well able to keep it at a distance with its horns, provided its rear is protected. The eagle sometimes kills its prey with the force of its swoop, without clutching with talons or beak. Again, it is stated that a blow from its wing will deprive a kid of life; it is not, therefore, surprising that its strength enables it to lift up young children and carry them off. Many for a long period have refused to give credence to this fact; but the evidence of persons who are worthy of all confidence will not allow of any doubt being raised on the subject. We will, however, mention a few instances.

In the Canton of Vaud two little girls, one three years old and the other five, were playing together in a meadow. An eagle swooped down upon the eldest, and carried her off. All that immediately afterward could be found upon a most active search was a shoe and stocking belonging to the child. Two months having elapsed, a shepherd discovered the remains of the little victim, horribly mutilated, and lying upon a rock half a league from the meadow from which she was taken. In the Isle of Skye, in Scotland, a woman left her child in a field. An eagle carried off the little one in its talons; and crossing over a broad lake, laid it upon a rock. Fortunately the robber was perceived by some shepherds, who came up in time to succor the infant. In Sweden a babe was carried away under somewhat similar circumstances. The mother, who was only a short distance off, heard the shrieks of the poor little thing, but it was impossible for her to rescue it. It was borne out of her sight, and the wretched woman went mad with grief. In the Canton of Geneva a boy of ten years old, who was robbing an eagle's nest, was seized by one of the birds, and borne to a point six hundred yards from the spot. He was rescued by his companions without having suffered further injury than some severe wounds inflicted by the bird's talons. In the Feroë Isles an eagle flew away with a child—which its mother had left for a few moments—and bore it off to its aerie. Maternal love inspired the unfortunate woman with such a degree of strength as to enable her to reach the nest; but alas! to find her child lifeless.

Near New York a lad of seven years of age

was attacked by an eagle. The boy having avoided the first shock, the eagle persevered in its onslaught; but he waited for it bravely, and gave the bird a vigorous blow under the left wing with a sickle, which killed it. When the stomach of this eagle was opened it was found entirely devoid of food. The bird was, therefore, in a famished state, and consequently enfeebled. Its persistent boldness is thus explained, and also the ease with which it was mastered.

We must, however, confess that cases of children being carried away by eagles are rare, for they generally avoid the vicinity of man, feeling unable to cope with him successfully. The chief objects of their attacks are newly born lambs, which they frequently carry off in spite of the shouts of the shepherd and the proximity of his dogs. Sometimes they devote their attention to young calves; they do not, however, attempt to carry them off, but feed on them where slaughtered.

A considerable amount of ingenuity has been displayed by some men in turning to account the habit which eagles have of storing up a quantity of provisions in their nests for the sustenance of their young. A peasant in Ireland kept himself and the whole of his family for an entire season by robbing the eaglets in a neighboring aerie of the stores of food which were brought to them by the parent birds. In order to prolong this singular means of livelihood, report says, he endeavored to delay the moment when the young ones would be driven forth, adopting the artifice of cutting their wings to render it impossible for them to fly.

Eagles are very suspicious, and it is consequently difficult to get within gunshot of them. The mountaineers of the Pyrenees suffer much from the ravages they make among their flocks, and for this reason brave many dangers to destroy the young birds.

"This pursuit," says M. Gérard, "is carried on by two men; one of the hunters is armed with a double-barreled carbine, the other with a kind of iron pike about two feet long. At the first indication of daybreak the hunters reach the mountain-peak where the eagle has his aerie, just at the time that the old birds are away seeking food. The first stands on the summit of the rock, and, carbine in hand, waits the arrival of the eagle. The other makes his way down to the nest, climbing from cleft to cleft by means of cords. With a bold hand the eaglets are grasped, still too young to oppose resistance. The parents, hearing the cries of their young, swoop down furiously, and fall upon the intrepid mountaineer, who beats them

off with thrusts of his pike, while his companion waits a favorable opportunity to deliver his fire, which generally terminates the contest."

The eagle has been taken in snares; but if the instrument is not fastened down securely to the ground, the bird will tear it up and bear it off. Meisner relates that an eagle, having been caught by the foot in a fox's trap, struggled with such effect that it wrenched up the trap, and carried it away to the other side of the mountain, although the instrument weighed nearly nine pounds.

The Scotch employ a method for capturing eagles which originated from their known voracity. In a narrow space, bounded by four tolerably high walls, they throw down pieces of raw meat. The eagle settles to devour it. When completely gorged it becomes too heavy to fly, and endeavors to make its way out through an opening at the foot of the walls, where it is caught and held fast by a running noose, which is placed in front of the exit.

The eagle is remarkable for its longevity; but this can not be accurately determined. Klein mentions an instance of one of these birds which lived in captivity in Vienna for one hundred and four years; he also speaks of a pair of eagles in Forfarshire, in Scotland, which inhabited the same aerie for such a length of time that the oldest inhabitants had always known them.

If captured young, eagles are susceptible of a certain amount of education; but there always remains a tinge of ferocity in their nature, which renders their behavior gloomy and sullen. When old they are absolutely untamable. In captivity they adapt their appetite to circumstances, and will even devour their own race. When nothing better is to be obtained, serpents, lizards, and, according to Buffon, bread are acceptable food to them.

Although the eagle is so irascible by nature, it has sometimes given proofs of gentleness truly astonishing. We may instance the bird which lived in 1807 in the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, which was captured in the forest of Fontainebleau. One of its feet was broken in



FIG. 2.—IMPERIAL EAGLES (*A. mogilnik*.)

the trap in which it was taken, and in consequence it was compelled to submit to a most painful operation, which it underwent with exemplary calmness and courage. Fully three months elapsed before it was cured, and afterward it became so familiar with its keeper that it allowed itself to be caressed by him, and on his retiring for the night the bird roosted by his couch.

The ancient falconers of the East were not in the habit of making use of the eagle; its want of docility and its great weight rendered it but little adapted for this exercise. Thus they rather unceremoniously class the eagle among the *ignoble* birds. The Tartars, however, are in the habit of using an eagle indigenous to Central Asia to assist in taking the hare, fox, antelope, and wolf. As this bird is weighty, they do not hold it on the fist, but place it in front of their horse's saddle. The genus called the Berecoot is of great power and courage. A well-known traveler describes a scene he witnessed on the steppes of Tartary,

where a pair of them attacked and killed a brace of wolves with the greatest apparent ease.

The sea eagles have received the name of *Pythargus*, which is derived from the Greek, and means "white-tail." They generally frequent the sea-shore, where they feed on fish and aquatic birds; they sometimes also catch small animals, and even devour putrefied flesh. Their claws are very powerful, and the strength of their vision is so great that they can see their aquatic prey swimming under the surface of the water. The rapidity with which they descend through the air when striking at their quarry is so wonderful that many have compared it to lightning. They even venture to attack the seal, but as they can not lift their victim, they cling to its back, forcing it on shore by means of their wings. But this excess of boldness has been known to be fatal to them; large seals are strong enough to dive and drag their foe under water, where the eagle meets with a miserable death; for, having buried its claws deeply in its prey, it is often impossible for it to disengage itself.

Sea eagles hunt in the night as well as day.

They attack sea-birds weaker than themselves, and pursue them to take possession of their prey. They are indefatigable in pursuit of vultures, which they make disgorge, and afterward appropriate the results. Audubon observed, on the shores of the Mississippi, a sea eagle pursuing a vulture which had just swallowed some prey. Part of this protruded from the vulture's bill; the sea eagle seized it, and forced the original possessor to give it up.

The sea eagle of Europe lives in the coldest regions of the globe. It is common in Sweden and Norway, where it builds. Its aerie is about two yards wide, and is generally situated in the forests bordering on the sea or great lakes. It visits the French coasts in the Autumn, following flocks of geese which are migrating to the south; and it is again seen in the Spring, on its return to the North. In Russia the special conditions of existence somewhat modify the habits of this bird, where, living in the midst of the vast steppes, it feeds, not on fish, for it is unprocurable, but on small quadrupeds, birds, and carrion. This bird nearly attains to the size of the golden eagle.

The bald eagle, white-headed eagle, or sea eagle, (Figure 3,) is a native of North America. It builds its nest on the summit of the highest trees. Its flight is as powerful as that of the golden eagle, and its strength and adroitness are even greater. This eagle—*Haliaeetus leucocephalus*, Vig.—is represented on the flag of the United States. The illustrious Franklin with sorrow regretted the selection the nation had made. "It is a bird of low and evil nature," wrote Franklin in one of his letters; "it does not know how to gain its livelihood honestly. Added to this, it is nothing but a cowardly rogue. The little wren, which is not so large as a sparrow, resolutely attacks it and drives it from its haunts! Thus in no point of view is it a suitable emblem for a brave and honorable nation." The varieties of this family are numerous on the North American continent, but the distinctions are not sufficiently great to deserve particular notice.

We shall class with the same genus the osprey, (Fig. 4,) which, although different from sea eagles in certain details of organization, is, however, allied to them by its aquatic habits.

It prefers the neighborhood of ponds and rivers to the sea-shore, where it is



FIG. 3.—AMERICAN SEA EAGLES (*Haliaeetus leucocephalus*.)



frequently mistaken for the sea eagle. Wild fowl and carrion are frequently its food, but fish forms the principal portion of its diet. It does not always enjoy the fruit of its labor, for the sea eagle frequently forces it to abandon its prey, which, if dropped in the air, will be adroitly re-seized by the robber in its descent.

The old naturalists, Aldrovandus, Gesner, Klein, and Linnæus, sanctioned a singular error concerning the organization of this bird. From the fact that it sometimes dives into the water to catch fish, they imagined that it had one foot webbed for swimming, and the other furnished with prehensile claws for seizing prey. The river osprey is about a third smaller than the sea eagle. It is found all over Europe, but especially in Germany, Switzerland, and the east of France.

The harpies occupy a middle position between eagles and sparrow-hawks, of which we shall speak further on. They are characterized by a full and rounded tail, comparatively short wings, and the existence of a tuft on the back of the head. This latter feature, although general, is not, however, common to all the species. These birds generally inhabit the vast forests of Africa and South



FIG 4.—THE OSPREY (*Pandion haliaetus*.)

America. They are admirably organized for strife and slaughter, and are the terror of every creature in their neighborhood.

The harpy, or destructive eagle of South America—*Harpyia destructor*, Cuv.—Fig. 5, is the model species of the genus. It is the most formidable of the whole tribe of eagles; for it is larger, measuring nearly five feet from the extremity of the head to that of the tail; its bill is more than two inches in length; and its claws and toes are longer and more robust than the fingers of a man. It is rumored that the harpy does not fear to attack carnivora of large size, and even men. Two or three blows from its bill are sufficient to break its victim's skull. In order to render these assertions worthy of belief they should be confirmed by those who have enjoyed opportunities for observation.

Be this as it may, there is no doubt that harpies are endowed with extraordinary strength. D'Orbigny relates that at the time of an exploring expedition on the banks of the Rio Securia, in Bolivia, he met with a harpy of large size. The Indians who

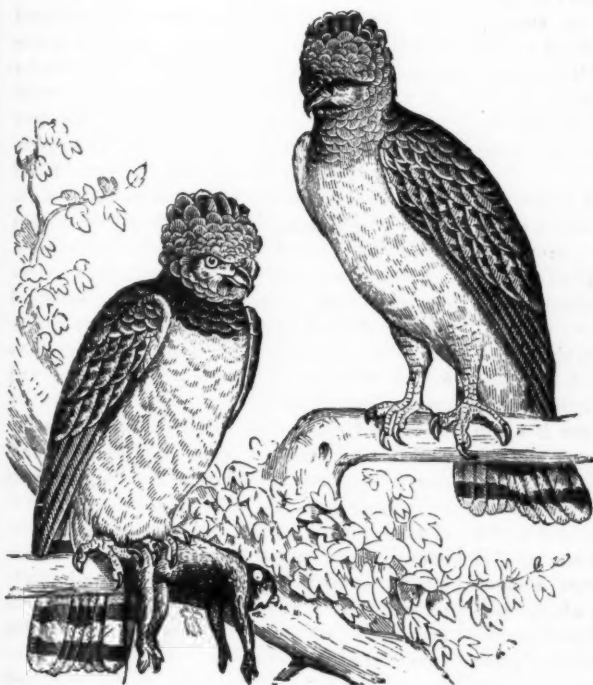


FIG. 5.—THE HARPY (*Harpyia destructor*, Cuv.)

accompanied him pursued it, pierced it with two arrows, and gave it numerous blows on the head. At length, thinking it was dead, they plucked off the greater part of its feathers, and even the down also, placing it afterward in their canoe. What was the surprise of the naturalist when the bird recovered from its stupefaction, darted upon him, and burying its claws in his arm, inflicted most dangerous wounds! The interference of the Indians was necessary in order to rid him of his antagonist.

The harpy inhabits the great forests of South America situated on the banks of the rivers. Its food consists of agoutis, fawns, sloths, and especially monkeys. The Indians, who highly estimate warlike qualities, hold this bird in great respect, and consider it most valuable. Its tail and wing feathers they use to adorn themselves with on state occasions.

#### TWO MOTHERS AND TWO METHODS.

"**N**O get out of my way; you're the most troublesome young one that ever was born, I do believe," and with a box on the ear of the little one just beginning to walk, Mrs. Mercer drove it away from her to the other end of the room.

The tiny girl was just entering upon the trials of life. Its fluctuations were yet as strange things to her dawning baby intellect. Sad sight—a little child laboring under its first imperfect sense of being wronged; the quivering lip, the wide-open eyes, in which stands the tear of wonder, of grief and surprise, and mute questioning.

Mrs. Mercer's little child, whose name was Lillian, sank down on her knees beside a chair, and folding her tiny arms in odd and grotesque fashion, laid her head on them, sobbed awhile, and then forgot her troubles in childhood's soft slumber.

The mother waited until the sleep should become sound and not easily disturbed, then she took up the child and dumped her into her crib with a sigh of relief. "Now I'll see if I can work any." Then she left the room and set about it.

A young girl, a cousin of hers, was in the room, and had been a silent spectator of the scene. As the door closed upon the mother she softly tiptoed to the crib, drew a cover gently over the sleeping innocent whose crimsoned cheek—crimsoned by grief and excitement—lay in its tiny palm, and whose brown curls strayed in a shining mass over the pillow. She could not resist the temptation to shower

soft kisses upon the sweet lips and fair brow of the little slumberer; then she took leave of Mrs. Mercer and went home.

Five years passed. Lillian Mercer was seven years old. The sweet infant had emerged into a beautiful child, graceful as a fairy, and of more than ordinary intelligence. And the mother loved her—there was no doubt of it—and was proud of her. But as the baby, at first grieved, terror-stricken, and surprised, began to realize the sharpness and feel the sting of harsh words, and as its intelligence increased, an instinct of self-defense arose within it, and a protest against wrong became apparent in all its actions.

"Put down that book!" rang out the sharp voice of the mother as the child laid hold of a costly volume upon the table.

"Why can't I have it, mother?"

"Because I say you can't, and that's enough."

"I will have it," spoke up defiantly little combativeness, and the small hands closed over it.

The mother sprang and snatched it away, and Lillian was dragged into a closet, and the door was locked, and the child left alone in the dark. The little belligerent beat at the door with her hands, and kicked it with her feet, and pounded it with her head, till the head ached sadly, then, totally wearied out, she cried herself to sleep in a corner on a bundle of rags.

Mrs. Mercer peered in cautiously an hour afterward. It may be her conscience pleaded with her for the little one who yet sobbed in her sleep, for she lifted the bent head and placed a pillow under it, and drew a shawl over the pink shoulders. Then she partially closed the door again, and went on with her sewing. The needle flew fast through her nimble fingers. Right glad was she that the mischievous child would sleep, so she could accomplish a part of that with which her hands were always full—work.

Five years again. Lillian Mercer was a slender girl of twelve years. Still more beautiful and sprightly she grew, but she was not a lovable child. When the mere infant so early was forced to begin its warfare against wrong and oppression, its weapons strengthened with its years and enlarged with its growth. She became prematurely watchful and jealous, and fearful that she should receive injustice from all around her. At school, among her associates who could not but admire her intelligence, her grace, and vivacity, she was a perfect tyrant to those who feared her sharp juvenile retorts, and a source of active discomfort to even those whom she admitted to her girlish confidence as friends.

Lillian was now too large to be corrected with the rod. Already, in their sharp, wordy

contests, Mrs. Mercer was beginning to lose ground. The will of the selfish and exacting mother was forced to give way to the less selfish, perhaps, but stronger and more commanding will of the child. Mrs. Mercer loudly protested now more than ever.

"You are the most troublesome young one that ever was born;" and Lillian replied, with a saucy uplift of her precocious head, by a rather suggestive question:

"Why was I born then? I'm sure it was n't my fault."

The mother reviewed the constant war that had been waged between the two since the dawn of intelligence in the child, and she looked forward with an ominous dread, as if she almost foresaw the lineaments of the approaching shadow that should close around her in darkness and sorrow; and she said in her heart, "It would have been better had the child not been born."

But Mrs. Mercer was blind. Strangely withholden from her mental vision had been her fatal mistake when the infant will of her child first put forth its feeble efforts for mastery; when, instead of gentle, human reasoning, for the good of the child, she had employed animal force to compel submission to her law.

Another five years passed. The maiden and the mother were now arrayed in decisive antagonism. Of course this was carefully concealed from all outside observers; an honorable pride should guard, from suspicion even, the privacy of the domestic hearth; and the Mercers possessed this to repletion. To all appearances every thing was smooth and placable, but the quiet father, who seldom advanced his opinions, saw all with a heart brimful of pain and apprehension.

Lillian was now seventeen years old.<sup>1</sup> She was very fair; her wide, white, thoughtful brow betokened a superior intellect, and her dark eyes were resplendent with its light. There was generous supply of the elements that give birth to noble purposes and their grand fulfillment. But the mother's song of "work, work," which had been dinned into her ears over her little cradle, and which had never ceased from that time forth, had grown so hateful that she detested the name and the idea.

And when Lillian Mercer saw the cousin, who had leaned over her in her little crib, and kissed her as she sobbed in sleep over her baby trouble, fondling and caressing her own little children, soothing their little grieved hearts, and gently enticing them into submission to a wiser, because a more experienced will than their own, the young girl exclaimed, with a burst

of unhappy feeling, "My mother never had time to bend my will; her plan was to break it short off in brief time—and she did neither—to both our sorrow."

This sage utterance, from so youthful an observer of life, appeared more sad and significant than ever after the space of a few months—when Lillian had a lover. Harold Nye came into her presence bearing a person of more than ordinary grace and apparent manliness. He had been carefully educated, but instead of profiting worthily by its advantages, he used it as a mantle to conceal extravagance, dissipation, and deceit. While his perverted tastes led him to find pleasure in doubtful amusements and associates of reproachable character, yet his winning address and fluent speech gained for him easy admission to the highest circles of society. There was no doubt that, as far as a person of his habits and proclivities could feel, his feeling for the lovely young girl was pure and honorable, so far as he realized what these terms meant; but they were far from meaning to him what they meant to Lillian's father.

Mrs. Mercer was a passably good judge of character. The attention which the young man, from his first acquaintance, began immediately to pay her daughter caused her to regard him with a close and jealous eye. She loved her child, notwithstanding she had been so blind to her own long-standing and fatal mistake, and that which she detected in the manner of Harold Nye put her closely on guard.

Mrs. Mercer was an infrequent guest at the gatherings habitually attended by her daughter. Each visit to these, though few and far between, disclosed to her the fact that Harold Nye and Lillian were most always side by side, in the deep embrasure of a window, or some other secluded nook, conversing in low tones of that evidently which interested none but themselves alone. Perhaps, in the last few months, during which she had overheard several expressions from her daughter like the one made to her cousin, Mrs. Mercer had looked back and obtained some idea of the extent of her own grievous mistake. However that was, it is certain that at first, contrary to her usual custom, she mildly remonstrated with Lillian for her imprudence in becoming so soon intimate with a young man who was to her but recently a stranger.

"O, never mind me, mother," replied Lillian, half in jest and half in earnest; "it is n't worth the risk of neglecting your work to become interested in my welfare."

The mother keenly felt the sarcasm and the

rebuke; she lost her momentary self-control, and flushed angrily.

"At least you shall not bring disgrace and reproach upon your family if I can prevent it; you shall be kept at home, and locked up, if there is no other way."

"I am a baby no longer," replied Lillian. "When I was little and helpless you could control me thus; I have a mind and a heart yet in spite of the lock and the rod, and they lean to those who offer me the sympathy and affection my mother has always refused me."

Her words, though startlingly sad, were true enough. Remonstrance from the mother, blended as it was with censure and reproof, proved of no avail. The baby, whose infantile spirit, grieving under a sense of wrong, at last turned upon the jurisdiction that oppressed it, had grown into an immature woman who watched for injustice, and imagined it by at all seasons, even when it was remote.

Mr. Mercer at last spoke. He entreated his daughter to listen to the parent who, she could not deny, had been nothing but kindness. For awhile Lillian's heart seemed open to good impressions; but the influence of the father, necessarily absent from her most of the time, succumbed to the vexing and indiscreet attacks of the mother. The young girl's chamber was found empty one morning, and while the agonized mother dropped senseless to the floor, the father picked up in his nerveless hand the letter which the misguided one had left behind. It was addressed to him, and it read:

"DEAR FATHER,—Harold and I would like to have gone with your blessing, but I knew it could not be, so I stake all and trust to the future for peace. I have always been in mother's way—always 'the most troublesome young one that ever was born;' now I am off her hands she can 'work.' But I hope to see you sometime; Harold says you shall sometime come to the home he will prepare, and sit by our fireside and take comfort in your old age, and that is what takes the bitterness away when I remember how I have disregarded the wishes of so good a father. Have charity, O father, for your loving, unhappy child.

"LILLIAN."

When Mrs. Mercer recovered sufficiently to realize again that some of the causes for this dreadful trouble lay at her own door, her self-accusation was bitter; but it was too late for remedy. Her husband did not show her the letter, only told her its contents, softening their bitterness as well as he could, for he knew that she suffered.

Another five years passed, and beautiful Lil-

lian Nye was brought home to her burial. It could not be expected that a wayward, willful young wife would renovate and change the deep-set habits of as equally a wayward husband. And so she had suffered pain of body and of mind, want, and anguish, and remorse. There was one thing to mitigate the sharpness of the parents' grief when they received her first and last imploring appeal to see her father. Harold Nye had made her his honorable wife; he had spared them one pang, under fear of which they had both suffered in dreadful doubt; and so remembering this, they tried to forgive his failure to make her life comfortable and happy. The mother could forgive more than the father, for she felt that to herself was due the irritable disposition, the uncalled-for jealousy, and the probable unreasoning exactions of the young wife. Thenceforth Mrs. Mercer sat down in her lonely home, thrice lonely now, for even hope had fled, and realized how bitter were the words—"too late."

The pure, sweet, innocent life, begun through no act of its own, had breathed, and suffered, and died. How can we better illustrate what "might have been" than by a relation of what was, under the light of fine, human reasoning and thoughtful intelligence, without which no accountable being should dare become a parent?

When Lenora Hamilton's little child was laid in her arms she clasped it to her bosom and gazed upon its tiny features with a sort of awe, as if it were a mysterious gift direct from God: softly pressing her lips to its unconscious forehead, she whispered, so that none but the great Giver and the babe could have heard, "Do Thou bless my innocent one, and watch over her all the days Thou permittest her to live." When first the wondering eyes of the little one opened and gazed into her own her heart was thrilled with a strange and nameless delight, as when a bud that we have watched with tender expectation becomes a flower. The mute confidence of a little babe is so perfect, so appealing—no questioning why or wherefore it hath a being, whither it is tending, or what are its claims upon us—only the innate instinct that it *has* a claim—of what nature is that heart that, under any circumstances, can thrust aside its claims, and its right to life, and its right to love?

Months passed rapidly away, and the link between Lenora and her child strengthened with its healthful, ruddy growth. So strong was the mother-love, so concentrated the keen and watchful mother-sympathy, that the pains common to all baby systems seemed to her a cruel



infliction on an innocent and helpless being; and every cry from its little throat, and the writhings of its rounded limbs in momentary pain, was absolute torture to her heart.

As the light of intelligence began to dawn in the face of the little Nora, the mother watched her with an interest that was beautiful to see, and a solicitude that daily deepened; and mingled with it was delight, and satisfaction, and gratitude that God had given her a child so bright and fair.

Mrs. Hamilton did not consider the time mispent in amusing her child and making it happy. She looked forward to the time when the little one would pass the bounds of childhood and gaze back, and she determined that all the memories of her innocent youth should be sweet and pleasant. For this she braved many a covert sneer that was cast at what some esteemed her foolish indulgence, and childish employment of her time.

Little Nora was not an angelic child. She was just a little human combination of the imperfect elements of which humanity is composed. She had a good supply of "spunk," and an ample store of will: when the latter was opposed the former was let loose in protest.

"How difficult it is to determine what is the right course to pursue with such an impulsive, sensitive, and excitable little thing!" said Lenora to her husband, after the child was laid in her crib for the night, and the white lids had closed over the blue orbs.

"I leave her to you," replied the husband. "I have always believed that most children have too many tutors and governors; and they chafe under it as much, in proportion, as would we grown persons—only they do not understand the way to express the real oppression they feel."

"I have a plan, then," resumed the wife, thoughtfully. "And you will not interfere?" she inquired, looking up in his face with a bright smile.

"No, assuredly not. But what is your plan?"

"Wait and see," she said. And then they resumed their usual evening books.

The following morning Mrs. Hamilton seated herself behind the coffee-urn, with little Nora in a high chair by her side. The child saw the reflection of her face in the polished surface before her, and reached out her short fingers toward it.

"Do n't touch it, dear," said the mother.

"Why can't I touch it, mother?" she lisped, imperfectly.

"Do n't ask mother why. When she tells you not to do a thing you must believe it is not best."

This did not satisfy the little lady. She continued to hold out her fingers toward the urn, each moment approaching nearer the vessel filled with hot coffee. The mother turned the handles around so she should not grab them, and awaited the result. The father looked on in surprise that she did not remove the vessel from the child's reach, but he said nothing, according to promise. For an instant the tiny fingers rested upon the polished surface, then were hurriedly removed, with a cry of pain. The disobedient baby was slightly burned, but the lesson was an excellent one. She seemed intuitively to understand that it was not exactly becoming to appeal now to her mother's sympathy when she had got into trouble by not obeying her. So, after whimpering a few minutes, she dried her tears, and sat very quiet. Mrs. Hamilton did n't call out, "I told you so!" After a few minutes she wiped the dimpled, tear-stained cheeks, kissed the little fingers, reddened by the contact with the heated vessel, and, without a single word in regard to the occurrence, helped the little one, as usual, to her breakfast.

Mr. Hamilton smiled, but said nothing. He had grave doubts about the feasibility of his wife's plan. They were somewhat removed, though, during the week that followed, as he saw how attentive little Nora was to her mother's requirements.

This lesson, however, grew stale after a time, and another was necessary. "Baby's" will again crept out from its retreat, and asserted its consequence. There was a small reservoir for rain-water in their kitchen yard. It was broad, but shallow—the water, perhaps, two feet deep. When frozen securely the small school children were allowed to go in and slide upon it. Nora had often watched them from the window, and at proper times was also permitted to go upon it. One morning, after a mild Winter night, she had slipped out the door, and Mrs. Hamilton, looking out, saw her perched upon the edge of the reservoir, just ready to step down upon the thin ice. She opened the door, and said, in a firm, decided, but kind tone, as always,

"Do n't step down on the ice, dear."

"O yes, I want to," replied the child.

"Remember, mother knows best, my daughter;" and she closed the door, meanwhile keeping a faithful, but stealthy watch at the window.

The little girl stood perfectly still till she heard the door close; then she looked all around, to be sure that no one saw her, and stepped down on the ice, which, as her mother expected, gave way, and the little scarlet-hooded head for

a moment bobbed out of sight. Mrs. Hamilton was all ready for the emergency, and, before little Nora scarcely realized what had happened, she was picked out of the chilling water and carried into the house.

The bath occasioned extreme fright, and, when she got her breath, she screamed with terror. She was quickly undressed, rubbed dry and warm, and then, without saying a word, her mother placed her in a chair and left her to ruminate over the affair. The little child, uncommonly bright for her years, apparently *was* meditating; and, if her manner was indicative of her feelings, she felt very much ashamed, and she scarcely said a word all that day. Mrs. Hamilton, with secret satisfaction, watched the progress of affairs, meanwhile studiously attending to the little girl's unspoken wants, and as carefully refraining from all allusion to the morning's occurrence.

This lesson proved salutary for a long season; but still another was necessary to perfect the method. This occurred when Nora was about ten years old. Mrs. Hamilton would have been more than human if she had not experienced a certain secret pride in her management of her sweet and lovable, yet willful and high-spirited child; and it is not surprising that she often turned to her husband with smiling self-congratulation on the success of her method. Her husband, however doubtful he might have been at first, was forced now to surrender his doubts of the feasibility of her plan, and acknowledge that it had worked admirably. The mother now hoped to achieve a still greater triumph, which should bring happiness to herself and husband, and delightful pleasure to the child.

A friend of the family, Mrs. Ellsler, who had no children of her own, but was extremely fond of the innocents who belonged to other people, had long been engaged in a plan for what she had named the Fairy Masquerade. One of its singular conditions was that it should be kept a total secret from the two-score children who were to participate in it until the appointed night. In the mean time fairy gauze dresses were to be prepared for each little maiden, and fancy suits of scarlet and green for the boys of an equal number. Nora Hamilton was chosen to be the Fairy Queen. A miniature throne, covered with light blue damask, glistening with spangles, and over-arched with evergreens and flowers, had been prepared, and at the beginning of the exercises its destined occupant, still to remain in ignorance of the proposed honor, was to be crowned and placed upon it.

Mrs. Hamilton had fashioned with her own

loving hands a dress of exquisite beauty for her darling, and her heart throbbed with pardonable pride as she saw, in imagination, how fair the little queen would appear before her subjects and others who would behold the scene. It was of the palest sea-green tulle, looped over a spangled skirt of white silk, with festoons of simulated sea-flowers and frosted sprays of green. Fastened among the tiny lilies and roses that formed the crown were a few glistening pearls that the mother had worn at her own bridal. Every thing was complete, even to the silken hose and the fairy shoes of pale-green kid.

"Mother," said Nora, as she came from school at noon, "the teacher has given us a half-holiday—please, mother, I want to go and spend it with Katie Hopkins."

"You can go, dear," said Mrs. Hamilton, "and I wish you to come home at half-past three. Be very sure and not forget it."

"That will be such a *short* time, mother," replied Nora, as she returned the good-by kiss—"why can't I stay until six?"

"For a very good reason, which I can not tell you quite yet. Be sure and remember, daughter."

"Well," said Nora thoughtfully, as she walked down to the gate, wondering in her mind what the reason was.

Mr. Hamilton was by when this occurred. He, too, soon left the house, but returned at twenty minutes past three.

"Nora has n't come yet?" he observed, in an inquiring tone.

"No," responded the mother; "but she will be here in a few minutes," she added, confidently, as she glanced at the clock.

Twenty minutes passed—ten minutes beyond the time set for Nora to be at home. The clock struck four, and she had not come. Both father and mother were anxious to hear the light feet tripping up the walk—the mother because she knew if there must be now another lesson because of disobedience, it would be such a very hard one for the little heart; the father, because he felt that the mother, in her eager desire to perform her whole duty by her child, would be inexorable—would overstep the common bounds, and rend her own heart by being cruel, rather than that she might fail in what she believed was the right course to pursue.

Another hour passed, almost in utter silence. Mr. Hamilton sat, *trying* to read; and his wife, too nervous to thread her needle, had laid her work aside and took up a book, holding it bottom-side up before her.

As the clock struck five, the mother, unable to control her anxiety, said to her husband,

"Dear, I do not wish to send for Nora, but I wish to be assured that she is in a safe place. Please go around by Mr. Hopkins's and, unobserved if you can, find out where she is, and what she is doing."

Mr. Hamilton, glad of the request, took his hat and immediately went upon the desired quest. Within the space of fifteen minutes his wife heard his decided tread upon the walk.

"She is in the parlor," he said, "playing with Mrs. Hopkins's children, and a few others. They were evidently having a merry time, and she has forgotten your request."

Mrs. Hamilton was thus relieved of apprehension; and then another hour passed. At thirty minutes past six the truant made her appearance. Ten minutes later was the time appointed for the coronation of the Fairy Queen. It would require a half-hour at least to smooth the tangled curls and dress the little lady. Very likely, too, the gossamer dress would require some alteration before it exactly fitted its intended wearer.

As Nora came in Mrs. Hamilton closed her book, and the child knew she sat expecting an explanation. Her flushed cheeks turned to a deeper crimson as she said, hesitatingly,

"They all teased me to stay, mother, and I really thought it would make no difference."

"And did you recollect, my child, that I told you to come at half-past three, and said I had a good reason for requiring it?"

"Yes," said the child, hanging her head, "I remembered it—but—"

"But you thought, really, I *hadn't* a good reason—was that it?"

Nora did not reply; and then said her mother, "Come with me and you will know my reason."

She led the little girl into the parlor, where, upon the sofa, were lying the beautiful dress, and the crown, the silken hose, and the fairy shoes.

"You *were* to have worn these to-night to the Fairy Masquerade at Mrs. Ellsler's; you *were* to have been the Fairy Queen. You can now undress—it is too late to get ready to go out—you are doubtless tired, and it will soon be bed-time."

The child surveyed the beautiful robe, and the coronet, glistening here and there with a pearl, and all the rest of the costume, so wonderful to childish eyes; then, without saying a word, she turned and rushed away to her own room. Mrs. Hamilton expected she would at least remonstrate a little against the cruel penalty; but Nora, child as she was, felt that remonstrance would be useless. Closing her

door, and throwing herself upon her little bed, she gave way to a paroxysm of grief. The mother very soon followed, and listened without the door to the grief of the little being who was dearer far to her than her own life. Every sob went to her heart, and she could scarce restrain herself from going in and taking the little weeper to her bosom; but she thought it not best yet; the penalty for disobedience must not be withdrawn too soon, or it would be ineffectual. So for the sake of the future good of her child, Mrs. Hamilton allowed her to suffer awhile, and suffered with her.

In the mean time a messenger had been dispatched to Mrs. Ellsler stating that "circumstances had occurred which would prevent the attendance of Nora at the Fairy Masquerade."

Mrs. Ellsler was an old and valued friend of Mrs. Hamilton. She knew her scrupulous regard for what she considered her duty toward her child, loved with a peculiar and extraordinary love, and at once surmising something of the truth she stole away from her guests a few moments and soon knocked at the door of Mrs. Hamilton's own room.

"What has the pet been doing now?" she inquired as they met face to face.

"Disobeyed—showed an utter disregard for my wishes, when I qualified them, too, by stating there was a good reason therefor."

"Does she know of the Masquerade?"

"Yes; I showed her her dress and crown, and all her costume, from mask to shoes."

"Cruel—cruel," said Mrs. Ellsler, pityingly; "and so you condemn the poor little thing to such punishment for so slight offense?"

"I hope you understand me," said Mrs. Hamilton almost severely, for Mrs. Ellsler's words were stabs to her; "it is not the offense to me; my child could not offend me; but I consider it for her good that she be made to know that I mean what I say always; and that I make no difficult requirement without a good reason for it."

There was heard a smothered sob in the room overhead. After a restrained silence Mrs. Ellsler said:

"Will you not allow her to come after a while? we will postpone the coronation. They are waiting now; I told them I thought the Queen would be there after a while. Have you told her she could not go?"

"Not in so many words; but I said it was too late, and she understood she was to remain at home."

Another stifled sob broke upon the silence.

"If it was my child," said Mrs. Ellsler, "I should fear to put so much grief upon her."

"O, do n't say that," exclaimed the perplexed mother, walking the room with her hands clasped behind her, while tears rolled down her cheeks, "do n't say a word that will cause me to abate one atom of my whole duty to my child; my heart pleads—O, how much it pleads!—but I must do what I believe is best for her."

The sobs were no longer heard.

"Wait, please, one moment," said Mrs. Hamilton, and she left her visitor and quickly ascended the stairs. Mrs. Ellsler's last remark had sent a thrill of fear to her heart's core. As she bent over the child she fancied there was no breathing. What if the pulse was still?

The little tear-stained face was almost buried in the pillow, and the flaxen curls under it were dampened with tears. The mother laid back the counterpane and took the dimpled hands in hers. Then Nora turned her face to her mother, and the mother laid her face on the child's, and they wept together.

For a time it seemed to Mrs. Hamilton that her self-appointed task was too great. Mrs. Ellsler's words kept ringing in her ears: "If it was my child I should fear to put so much grief upon her." There was a question in her mind whether she should not this time forego her decision and relax her hard-drawn line of duty. Her heart pleaded—O, how it pleaded for this, as the child of her love, bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh, lay quivering, and suffering, and heart-broken before her.

She resolved that she must yield, let the consequences be what they would. She was so perplexed, so distressed, so wrung with contending emotions.

At this moment, when she had resolved to take the child up and robe her in the beautiful fairy costume, Nora lay back upon her pillow with a heavy sigh, and to her mother's inexpressible relief she said:

"I want to go to sleep now, mother, I'm so tired; and I'll never, never disobey you again." She drew her mother's head down and kissed her; Mrs. Hamilton covered her with tender care, and before she left the room saw that she was in a refreshing sleep. Then she returned to her visitor.

"I am sure she does not even wish to go now," said she. "You can take the wreath of roses and appoint some other little girl for the Queen."

"No other shall be Queen," said Mrs. Ellsler, for Nora was her especial pet. "We will postpone the Fairy Masquerade until next week; the little ones can have a few games and then go home."

It was no use remonstrating. Mrs. Ellsler, in her way, was as determined as Mrs. Hamilton, so there the matter stood and she returned home.

The next day Mrs. Hamilton found Nora in the parlor crying softly as she surveyed the beautiful dress, the crown of roses, the silken mask, and the fairy shoes. She considered that her punishment had been sufficient, and she told her the Fairy Masquerade had been postponed on her account, and was to take place the following week, and she was to be the Queen, as at first designed. This was a balm to the little wounded spirit, and with merciful, child-like forgetfulness of sorrow she soon resumed her wonted gayety.

Mrs. Ellsler, upon returning home, told the little masqueraders that their Queen was ill—and so she was, very ill at heart—and with childhood's own generosity they cheerfully retired to their homes at an early hour. When again the appointed evening came they re-assembled, lovely and happy as before. At half-past seven the exquisite Fairy Queen was led in, attended by twelve of her pretty subjects; the coronation was performed with childish artlessness and grace, and never did prouder parents gaze upon finer object than did Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton after Nora had been seated upon the fairy throne, which was almost literally a bed of flowers.

From that time forth Mrs. Hamilton possessed the love, and respect, and confidence of her child in the fullest measure. At home and abroad the two were nearly inseparable companions, and the pleasure each manifested in the society of the other was beautiful to see. The mother seemed to retain youth and vivacity in the companionship of her lovely child, and the daughter's character gained grace and dignity by uninterrupted affiliation with the more experienced heart and mind of her mother.

It is almost needless to say that Nora Hamilton consulted with and listened to her mother when the time came that she was sought in marriage, and the affection of her pure young heart was bestowed upon a man who was in every way worthy. In the meridian of life she sat in her happy home, with blooming children around her and her parents near, whose silvery locks were gently and peacefully whitening for the time the Reaper should appear.

Often and often, when congratulated upon her pleasant surroundings and her peaceful lot in life, standing near her mother with her hand laid caressingly upon the old lady's shoulder, she would exclaim, while her cheek flushed and the tears of feeling stood in her eyes:



"All I have and am I owe to my mother; it was her peculiar but most judicious method of training, that now causes a naturally wayward child to call her blessed!"

## THE DIVINE TRAGEDY.\*

THIS is the title of the latest effusion from the pen of Mr. Longfellow; it presents a very neat little book of a hundred and fifty pages. The poem taken by itself has excited various criticism, as from its character might well be expected. By itself it manifests no great genius on the part of the author; it seems to be a simple recital, almost in the words of the Evangelists, of some of the prominent incidents in the life of our Lord. In narrating these events, the poet has only departed from the Scriptural language in our own English version sufficiently to give to his verses a certain smoothness of poetic measure. The scenes are connected and introduced by original passages, some of them of great beauty. One of these connecting links we present as a sample. It is a meditation of Mary Magdalene, in which Mary is represented in her popularly received character, against which, of course, much might be said; but the author is entitled to his own interpretation.

"Companionless, unsatisfied, forlorn,  
I sit here in this lonely tower, and look  
Upon the lake below me, and the hills  
That swoon with heat, and see as in a vision  
All my past life unroll itself before me.  
The princes and the merchants come to me,  
Merchants of Tyre, and Princes of Damascus,  
And pass, and disappear, and are no more;  
But leave behind their merchandise and jewels,  
Their perfumes, and their gold, and their disgust.  
I loathe them, and the very memory of them  
Is unto me, as thought of food to one  
Cloyed with the luscious figs of Dalmauntha!  
What if hereafter, in the long hereafter  
Of endless joy or pain, or joy in pain,  
It were my punishment to be with them  
Grown hideous and decrepit in their sins,  
And hear them say: 'Thou that hast brought us here,  
Be unto us as thou hast been of old!

I look upon this raiment that I wear,  
These silks, and these embroideries, and they seem  
Only as cerements wrapped about my limbs!  
I look upon these rings thick set with pearls,  
And emerald, and amethyst, and jasper,  
And they are burning coals upon my flesh!  
This serpent on my wrist becomes alive!  
Away, thou viper! and away, ye garlands,  
Whose odors bring the swift remembrance back  
Of the unhallowed revels in these chambers!  
But yesterday—and yet it seems to me  
Something remote, like a pathetic song  
Sung long ago by minstrels in the street—  
But yesterday, as from this tower I gazed,

Over the olive and the walnut-trees,  
Upon the lake and the white ships, and wondered  
Whither and whence they steered, and who was in them,  
A fisher's boat drew near the landing-place  
Under the oleanders, and the people  
Came up from it, and passed beneath the tower,  
Close under me. In front of them, as leader,  
Walked one of royal aspect, clothed in white,  
Who lifted up his eyes, and looked at me,  
And all at once the air seemed filled and living  
With a mysterious power, that streamed from him,  
And overflowed me with an atmosphere  
Of light and love. As one entranced I stood,  
And when I woke again, lo! he was gone;  
So that I said: Perhaps it is a dream.  
But from that very hour the seven demons  
That had their habitation in this body  
Which men call beautiful, departed from me!"

Then follows in plain Scriptural words the scene in the house of Simon the Pharisee:

"See, how she kneels there weeping, and her tears  
Fall on his feet; and her long, golden hair  
Waves to and fro, and wipes them dry again.  
And now she kisses them, and from a box  
Of alabaster is anointing them  
With precious ointment, filling all the house  
With its sweet odor."

As intimated, the poet aims to reproduce, in the light of the imagination, the significant facts which characterize the life of Christ. The Christ that he presents Christians will be willing to accept in a poem; it is the Christ of the celebrated "Ecce Deus;" but Mr. Longfellow is making poetry, not theology, and the reader will gratefully follow in his reverent and, indeed, devotional recital of facts with which he is already familiar. We need hardly say that as a portraiture of the Divine life it is far below the simple Gospels themselves, a remark that can be equally made of all the many "Lives of Christ" appearing in our day. Yet they all have their places and their uses. This one helps the imagination to fill up the broken links, and from its novelty of presentation will arrest attention on points that the reader may have lightly passed over. Every thought is chaste, and even where the writer has departed from the common version, he still maintains such a unity in the style of composition as gives to the whole an Oriental and Scriptural flavor.

The poem opens with an introduction in which the Angel of the Lord is introduced as bearing the Prophet Habakkuk on his wings, and rehearsing to him the purpose of his sacred mission. We quote it as follows:

## PROPHET.

"Why dost thou bear me aloft,  
O Angel of God, on thy pinions  
O'er realms and dominions?  
Softly I float as a cloud  
In air, for thy right hand upholds me,  
Thy garment infolds me!

\* *The Divine Tragedy.* By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.  
16mo. Pp. 150. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.  
Vol. XXXII.—14

## ANGEL.

Lo! as I passed on my way  
In the harvest-field I beheld thee,  
When no man compelled thee,  
Bearing with thine own hands  
This food to the famishing reapers,  
A flock without keepers!  
The fragrant sheaves of the wheat  
Made the air above them sweet;  
Sweeter and more divine  
Was the scent of the scattered grain,  
That the reaper's hand let fall  
To be gathered again  
By the hand of the gleaner!  
Sweetest, divinest of all,  
Was the humble deed of thine,  
And the meekness of thy demeanor!

## PROPHET.

Angel of Light,  
I can not gainsay thee,  
I can but obey thee.

## ANGEL.

Beautiful was it in the Lord's sight,  
To behold his Prophet  
Feeding those that toil,  
The tillers of the soil.  
But why should the reapers eat of it  
And not the Prophet of Zion  
In the den of the lion?  
The Prophet should feed the Prophet!  
Therefore I thee have uplifted,  
And bear thee aloft by the hair  
Of thy head, like a cloud that is drifted  
Through the vast unknown of the air.  
Five days hath the Prophet been lying  
In Babylon, in the den  
Of the lions, death-defying,  
Defying hunger and thirst;  
But the worst  
Is the mockery of men!  
Alas! how full of fear  
Is the fate of Prophet and Seer!  
Forevermore, forevermore,  
It shall be as it hath been heretofore;  
The age in which they live  
Will not forgive  
The splendor of the everlasting light  
That makes their foreheads bright,  
Nor the sublime  
Forerunning of their time!

## PROPHET.

O tell me, for thou knowest,  
Wherefore and by what grace,  
Have I, who am least and lowest,  
Been chosen to this place,  
To this exalted part?

## ANGEL.

Because thou art  
The Struggler; and from thy youth  
Thy humble and patient life  
Has been a strife  
And battle for the Truth;  
Nor hast thou paused nor halted,  
Nor ever in thy pride  
Turned from the poor aside,  
But with deed, and word, and pen,  
Hast served thy fellow-men;  
Therefore art thou exalted!

## PROPHET.

By thine arrow's light  
Thou goest onward through the night,  
And by the clear

Sheen of thy glittering spear!  
When will our journey end?

## ANGEL.

Lo, it is ended!  
Yon silver gleam  
Is the Euphrates stream.  
Let us descend  
Into the city splendid,  
Into the City of Gold!

## PROPHET.

Behold!  
As if the stars had fallen from their places  
Into the firmament below,  
The streets, the gardens, and the vacant spaces  
With light are all aglow;  
And hark!  
As we draw near,  
What sound is it I hear  
Ascending through the dark?

## ANGEL.

The tumultuous noise of the nations,  
Their rejoicings and lamentations,  
The pleadings of their prayer,  
The groans of their despair,  
The cry of their imprecations,  
Their wrath, their love, their hate!

## PROPHET.

Surely the world doth wait  
The coming of its Redeemer!

## ANGEL.

Awake from thy sleep, O dreamer!  
The hour is near, though late;  
Awake! write the vision sublime,  
The vision, that is for a time,  
Though it tarry, wait: it is nigh:  
In the end it will speak and not lie!"

As a specimen of the close adherence of the poem to the sacred text we give the scene of the preaching of John the Baptist:

## JOHN THE BAPTIST.

"Repent! repent! repent!  
For the kingdom of God is at hand,  
And all the land  
Full of the knowledge of the Lord shall be  
As the waters cover the sea,  
And encircle the continent!  
Repent! repent! repent!  
For lo, the hour appointed,  
The hour so long foretold  
By the prophets of old,  
Of the coming of the Anointed,  
The Messiah, the Paraclete,  
The Desire of the Nations, is nigh!  
He shall not strive nor cry,  
Nor his voice be heard in the street;  
Nor the bruised reed shall he break,  
Nor quench the smoking flax!  
And many of them that sleep  
In the dust of earth shall awake,  
On that great and terrible day,  
And the wicked shall wail and weep,  
And be blown like a smoke away,  
And be melted away like wax.  
Repent! repent! repent!  
O Priest, and Pharisee,  
Who hath warned you to flee,  
From the wrath that is to be!  
From the coming anguish and ire!  
The ax is laid at the root  
Of the trees, and every tree

That bringeth not forth good fruit,  
Is hewn down and cast into the fire !  
Ye Scribes, why come ye hither !  
In the hour that is uncertain,  
In the day of anguish and trouble,  
He that stretcheth the heavens as a curtain  
And spreadeth them out as a tent,  
Shall blow upon you, and ye shall wither,  
And the whirlwind shall take you away as stubble !  
Repent ! repent ! repent !"

As one of the original gems of the poem, we cull the following from the address of the bridegroom to the bride at the marriage in Cana:

"When Abraham went with Sarah into Egypt,  
The land was all illumined with her beauty;  
But thou dost make the very night itself  
Brighter than day ! Behold in glad procession,  
Crowding the threshold of the sky above us,  
The stars come forth to meet thee with their lamps ;  
And the soft winds, the ambassadors of flowers,  
From neighboring gardens and from fields unseen,  
Come laden with odors unto thee, my Queen !"

A character unknown in the Gospels is introduced during this marriage-feast under the name of Manahem, an Essenian philosopher, "who dwells among the palms near the Dead Sea." Manahem is the prophet of the book, foretelling coming events, and uttering profound and suggestive sentiments. He thus epitomizes our common human life :

"The things that have been and shall be no more,  
The things that are, and that hereafter shall be,  
The things that might have been, and yet were not,  
The fading twilight of great joys departed,  
The day-break of great truths as yet unrisen,  
The intuition and the expectation  
Of something, which, when come, is not the same,  
But only like its forecast in men's dreams,  
The longing, the delay, and the delight,  
Sweeter for the delay : youth, hope, love, death,  
And disappointment, which is also death,  
All these make up the sum of human life :  
A dream within a dream, a wind at night  
Howling across the desert in despair,  
Seeking for something lost it can not find."

The spirit and the attitude of the Pharisees toward Christ in his early ministry is thus happily taken :

"This is, alas ! some poor demoniac  
Wandering about the fields, and uttering  
His unintelligible blasphemies  
Among the common people, who receive  
As prophecies the words they comprehend not !  
Deluded folk ! The incomprehensible  
Alone excites their wonder. There is none  
So visionary, or so void of sense,  
But he will find a crowd to follow him !"

In representing the final scene of the tragedy, the poet employs a reverent touch, not rashly intruding upon mysteries "which the angels desire to look into," and adding nothing to the sacred narrative beyond the license of sympathetic imagination :

MANAHEM, THE ESSENIAN.

"Three crosses in this noonday night uplifted,  
Three human figures, that in mortal pain

Gleam white against the supernatural darkness ;  
Two thieves, that writhe in torture, and between them  
The suffering Messiah, the son of Joseph,  
Ay, the Messiah 'Triumphant, son of David !  
A crown of thorns on that dishonored head !  
Those hands that healed the sick, now pierced with nails,  
Those feet that wandered homeless through the world  
Now crossed and bleeding, and at rest forever,  
And the three faithful Marys, overwhelmed  
By this great sorrow, kneeling, praying, weeping !  
O, Joseph Caiaphas, thou great High-Priest,  
How wilt thou answer for this deed of blood ?

SCRIBES AND ELDERS.

Thou that destroyest the Temple, and dost build it  
In three days, save thyself ; and if thou be  
The Son of God, come down now from the cross.

CHIEF PRIESTS.

Others he saved, himself he can not save !  
Let Christ the King of Israel descend  
That we may see and believe !

SCRIBES AND ELDERS.

In God he trusted ;  
Let him deliver him, if he will have him,  
And we will then believe.

CHRISTUS.

Father ! forgive them ;  
They know not what they do.

THE IMPENITENT THIEF.

If thou be Christ,  
O, save thyself and us.

THE PENITENT THIEF.

Remember me,  
Lord, when thou comest into thine own kingdom.

CHRISTUS.

This day shalt thou be with me in paradise.

MANAHEM.

Golgotha ! Golgotha ! O, the pain and darkness !  
O, the uplifted cross, that shall forever  
Shine through the darkness, and shall conquer pain  
By the triumphant memory of this hour !

SIMON MAGUS.

O, Nazarene ! I find thee here at last !  
Thou art no more a phantom unto me !  
This is the end of one who called himself  
The Son of God ! Such is the fate of those  
Who preach new doctrines. 'Tis not what he did,  
But what he said, hath brought him unto this.  
I will speak evil of no dignitaries.  
This is my hour of triumph, Nazarene !

THE YOUNG RULER.

This is the end of him who said to me,  
Sell that thou hast, and give unto the poor !  
This is the treasure in heaven he promised me !

CHRISTUS.

Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani.

A SOLDIER (*preparing the hyssop*)

He calleth for Elias !

ANOTHER.

Nay, let be !  
See if Elias now will come to save him !

CHRISTUS.

I thirst.

A SOLDIER.

Give him the wormwood !

CHRISTUS (*with a loud cry, bowing his head*)

It is finished !"

We have said that the "Divine Tragedy" standing alone would be no great evidence of genius on the part of the author, except that, indeed, he has shown the high poetic character of his mind in the very delicateness and chasteness of the points he has selected in the wonderful life for the substance of his book. It takes quite as much genius to avoid mistakes and excesses as to originate; to leave undone as to do. But we are informed by a criticism of Bayard Taylor, that "The Divine Tragedy" does not stand alone, but is part only of a grand design, which in its completeness is really a poetic picture of Christian history from the days of "Christus" to the present time. The "Golden Legend," published about sixteen years ago, forms the second part, and the "New England Tragedies," published in 1868, the third part. The "Introitus," therefore, is an introduction to the completed trilogy of "Christus," the three parts of which will be connected by poetical "Interludes," and closed harmoniously by a "Finale" to the whole.

While each of the three parts has its own distinct character, and apparently its integral completeness of form, a knowledge of its relation to the larger conception is necessary to the true appreciation of many passages. The introduction of such scenes as the Miracle Play or the Monastery Cellar in the Golden Legend, the object of which was not clearly apparent at the time that work was published, is now explained and justified. Much that seemed isolated or fragmentary falls at once into its true place, and receives a new meaning as the member of a grander body, the proportions of which are now seen for the first time. Thus, the addition of the Apostles' Creed, as an epilogue to the Divine Tragedy, loses the theological or ecclesiastical character which it seemed to wear, and assumes a subtle relation to the leading idea, which the reader will interpret according to the spirit in which he apprehends that idea.

#### "EARLY CHRISTIANITY."\*

**D**E PRESSENSÉ is laying the Church under an immeasurable obligation by the admirable books which he is rapidly producing on the history of the early years of Christianity. We have already noticed the second book of this series—or rather, including his admirable work, *The Life and Times of Jesus Christ*—the third book, which conducts us

through the age of the Martyrs and Apologists. The preceding volume made us acquainted with the heroic times of the Apostles—two following volumes are to bring us in contact with "Doctrines and Heresies," and "The Christian Worship and Christian Life." None will surpass in interest and importance his second volume, on the Martyrs and Apologists.

This volume brings us more particularly in contact with the visible, formative kingdom of Christ, entering into conflict with the visible and established institutions of men. The apostles have all passed away; the age of inspiration is over; the miraculous gifts of the Holy Ghost have been nearly all withdrawn; the Church has as yet assumed no real, permanent form; Christian doctrine has been reduced to no fixed formulas; the writings of the apostles, the example of their lives and work, the story of the Divine Savior, and the co-operation of the Divine Spirit, are still left with heroic men, who have entered into a new life, and who are impelled by a new enthusiasm—the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son, Jesus Christ, and a zeal for the conversion of the world. So to speak, Christianity is now launched forth upon the stormy world to begin its boisterous voyage, with nothing more than ordinary, though Divine, helps which are to accompany it henceforth through all its history. Instead of the apostles are to be the fathers; instead of inspired utterances are to be the reasonings and conclusions of men; instead of the miraculous and the extraordinary are to be the simple, permanent, ordinary forces of the Christian life and Church. Two great purposes still lie before these early Christians—the establishment of the visible Church or kingdom of Christ in the earth, and the conversion of men's minds and hearts to the knowledge and experience of the Divine truths that had been committed to them. They were to come into conflict with all human knowledge, all systems of religion, and all philosophies, all human wisdom and human errors—all these were to be turned to the knowledge of Christ. The Church was to come into contact with the kingdoms and governments of the earth, not to overthrow them, but to infuse into them the principles of the kingdom of Christ. All the subtlety of the human mind, and corruption of the human heart, were to be arrayed against them; all the power of the kingdoms of the earth was to become hostile to them. The waves of ignorance were to roll over them, and the flames of persecution were to be burst upon them. Yet they were to go forth and conquer, their only visible means of conquest being a faith "once delivered to the

\* *Early Years of Christianity.* By E. De Pressensé, D. D. Martyrs and Apologists. New York: Carlton & Lanahan.



saints." It was a fair battle between truth and error, between right and wrong, between spiritual force and physical power, between new-born Christianity and time-worn paganism. The victory was won by the truth and the right; but at what an expenditure of toil, and tears, and blood, we must read such books as these to learn.

It is impossible for us at this day to apprehend the magnitude of this victory, and the terribleness of the battle, without going back often to study the history of those heroic days; and, as they recede farther from us, into the dimness of the past, it is all the more important that fresh histories should bring them vividly and impressively before us. It is this great work that De Pressensé is now doing for the Church, and doing it in a masterly manner. It is not our purpose to review or to praise his work. We have only to say, that nothing superior to it in clearness of arrangement, in eloquence of style, in dramatic presentation of its thrilling scenes, in loving sympathy with the events which it records, and in its adaptation to the popular need, has appeared during the century. Our only purpose is to pen some reflections awakened by its perusal.

To appreciate what these "Martyrs and Apologists" did, we must contemplate the work which lay before them. When Christianity thus entered upon its work of the conquest of the world, while it found some circumstances favorable to its progress, and which it could use and appropriate to itself, yet, it is true that "the world was lying in wickedness." Rome—a nation of soldiers—had become the master of the world—had stretched its boundaries from the Atlantic Ocean to the Euphrates, and from the Rhine and Danube to the deserts of Arabia. Cæsar Augustus, by artifice, perfidy, and bloodshed, had reduced the Roman people and their venerable Senate to servile submission, while he united in himself, and secured to his successors the pompous titles of "Emperor, Sovereign Pontiff, Censor, Tribune of the People, and Pro-Consul," which simply meant that all power, from the lowest civil office to the highest service of religion, was in the hand of the Roman Emperor. Ambitious lust of conquest and dominion was still the predominant passion of the Romans, and the nation groaned beneath the weight of its armies, and often endured the penalty of its ambition in the civil wars and broils perpetually breaking out among its soldiers. A historian, who by no means is a flatterer of Christianity, tells us that "the principles of government were simply atrocious; that insolent robberies, barbarous wars, and im-

placable hatreds, were raging from nation to nation; that natural right was unknown; that morality was perverted by senseless and deplorable superstition; that a dream, a vision, an oracle, was constantly the cause of vast commotions." (Volney.)

"The masters of the Roman world," says Gibbon, "surrounded their throne with darkness, concealed their irresistible strength, and humbly professed themselves the accountable ministers of the Senate, whose supreme decrees they first dictated and then obeyed. The servile Senators professed to assert the majesty of the commonwealth while they trembled at the inexorable dominion of their masters; the tyrant beheld their baseness with contempt, and encountered their secret sentiments of detestation with sincere hatred for the whole body of the Senate."

Such was the vast empire that ruled most of the world, and, in all its pride and corruption, awaited the coming of the kingdom of Christ.

If we turn our attention to other parts of Europe, while we shall find it all involved in the rude institutions of barbarism, parts of it were reduced to servile provinces of the Roman Empire—a circumstance which made it possible for the decreed persecutions of the Empire to become at once so wide-spread and terrible. Spain was then Hispania, embracing three martial provinces of Rome; Portugal was peopled by the warlike Lusitanians; France was then Gaul, wild and savage, held by the fierce races of the Belgians, Celts, Aquitanians, and Helvetians; Britain had just lost her native freedom, but still was the home of thirty tribes of barbarians, practicing the cruel rites of savage life; Austria, Hungary, and Slavonia were then Noricum and Pannonia, nations nominally robbed of their independence, but still peopled by a fierce, ungoverned race; Thrace, Macedonia, and Greece had lost their glory; Thebes, and Argos, and Sparta, and Athens, were lost in a single province of the Roman Empire; Germany was then a vast wilderness, embracing, in its unknown and immeasurable forests, great tribes of fierce barbarians, governed by no organized institutions, and prepared in their native fierceness to demolish the tottering Empire of Rome.

In Asia, where the authority of Rome extended, she governed by Roman principles; where independent empires existed, they were characterized by despotism and tyranny. In the unexplored and unknown regions of that vast continent, immense hordes of wandering barbarians were leading among themselves a savage life, and growing into fearful masses,

too large for the country to maintain, were ready to precipitate themselves as a desolating avalanche on the more civilized nations of the West. In Africa the fame and splendor of Egypt had perished, and a Roman Prefect was seated on the magnificent throne of the Ptolemies.

The moral condition of mankind was only consistent with the degenerate condition of the governments under which they lived. Every principle which had once maintained the vigor, and possibly we might say the purity, of the illustrious states of antiquity, was long since extinguished in the declining and despotic Empire which had absorbed them into itself. Philosophy, it is true, still exercised a moderate influence over a few minds, but the masses were enveloped in the superstitions of paganism, which could give to humanity no upward tendency, and which was itself the grave of virtue. Among all the nations of the earth, war was man's highest good and greatest glory, and the men who went forth plotting the ruin of empires, trampling under foot the harvests which their brethren had raised for the sustenance of their families, demolishing cities, slaughtering men, outraging women, and covering the earth with black and smoking ruins, were their heroes, the children of their gods, the inheritors of immortality.

"On all the face of the globe, there was not a nation, except that of the Jews, whose sacred rites and religious worship did not discover a manifest abuse of reason, and very striking marks of extravagance and folly." Who does not remember the terrible sarcasm with which Tertullian hurled into the very face of the proud and polished Roman, the absurdities and obscenities of his idolatry? Study the ethics, or read the history of these nations as we may, we find no indications of an enlarged and disinterested benevolence. Among the costly displays of magnificence in the Grecian and Roman cities, we see no outbeamings of charity; we see no element of progress impelling humanity to throw off the evils and the burdens of society, and to advance toward virtue, happiness, and strength. There were temples and theaters, there were parks and palaces, there were triumphal arches and towering columns, there were costly shows and bloody spectacles, there were bridges, and aqueducts, and baths; but in all this magnificence there was nothing for the afflicted and needy; so that a well-known historian ventures the assertion, that before the establishment of Christianity there was not a hospital, or infirmary, or any public institution of charity in the whole Gentile world. It was

so then; it is so still among the pagan nations of the earth, where the benign influences of the Gospel have not been felt.

Such was the field into which Christianity was to enter, not with a conquering army, clad in steel, and supported by the authority and wealth of kings, but with the forces of fresh truth received from God and of a new life created by the Divine Spirit, and whose only weapon was the power of human persuasion enforced by the silent influence of the Spirit of God. We should often stop to study what the world was, that realizing what the religion of Christ has made it, we may adore and thank the Divine Author of this glorious scheme, and revere the heroic men and women whose prayers, and tears, and blood established it in the earth.

When we, at this period of the world's history, and after centuries of its great triumphs in the world, view the kingdom of Christ in its completeness, and are able to comprehend the whole grand scheme in the perfection of its own excellence and in the grandeur of its designs, and are able clearly enough to perceive its consistency not only with individual human interests, but also with the more comprehensive interests of nations, we sometimes wonder why the progress of Christianity has been retarded in so many instances; why it has excited so much turmoil and strife in the world; why, though coming as the Gospel of peace, it has so often been only the sword of destruction; why, in intermingling with the nations of the earth, it has dashed so many of them in pieces; and why it has so often kindled the fires and unsheathed the sword of persecution. But our wonder ceases as soon as we fully apprehend the great spiritual and moral forces which the Gospel brought into the world, and the terrible antagonism and complications of evil with which those forces must immediately come in contact. To understand these early conflicts we must realize what the world then was, and as far as we can, how this new movement, small in external appearance, but mighty in internal forces, must appear to the corrupt masses and the ambitious rulers to whom it was first brought. The new religion was absolute and uncompromising in its new demands; it was a stern protest against almost every thing that men were then believing; it was a terrible rebuke against almost all that men were then doing; it was a blow, if not against the life, at least against the forms of almost all the institutions which men were then upholding.

When we view the position of unconverted minds, and the aspect in which they must view the new religion; particularly when we realize

the aspect in which it would be viewed by pagan nations at the time of its first introduction among them, we cease to wonder at the opposition which it met; we begin to expect the agitations and the struggles which it produced, and we recognize the prophetic wisdom of our Savior's declaration, "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword." We are not astonished at the results which it produced; we are prepared to expect that it would be viewed with a jealous eye by existing governments, and that, while it won its way in the hearts of men, and, as a revelation of divine knowledge and a new life set up in the human heart, it should rapidly propagate itself in the world, yet as a power destined to infuse new life into civil institutions, and to become itself the foundation of human governments, it should be slow in entering into the life of nations, and only be accepted after a careful and scrutinizing investigation. If Christianity had contented itself with being a new form of religion, or another school of philosophy, probably it would have met with but little violent opposition. But this it could not do; by its very nature it must protest against all error and sin every-where around it; it must of necessity break forth from the earnest life within to organize the kingdom of God without. As such a kingdom, as a visible Church, as a new element of power among the nations of the earth, it was certain to be met with the suspicion, or fear, or contempt of the rulers of the world.

The new kingdom could only be looked upon from their point of view. Nero must view it with Nero's eye, and it could be scarcely otherwise than that his malicious cruelty, and suspicious fears, and reckless contempt, all existing together in the heartless tyrant, should break forth into violent persecution. But it is just as certain that the intellectual pride, the imperial contempt, the ambition to be recognized as the preserver and reformer of the empire, would lead the upright Trajan to a less violent but more universal persecution than that of Nero.

What the kingdom of Christ is ever to expect from the abandoned, the wicked, and the malignant, is shown us in the persecutions of Nero; how it must strike the pride and ambition of the politician is seen in the far-reaching persecution of Trajan; but it meets another foe still, more subtle, more un pitying, and more unforgiving. Strange as it may seem, one of the most wide-spread, cold, and heartless persecutions that met the young Church, was under the mild and philosophic Marcus Aurelius. And yet we can well understand that Christianity

would be likely to find no more cold-blooded enemy than it would meet in this stoical, self-satisfied, virtuous, fatalistic, pantheistic philosophy of which Aurelius was one of the most perfect types. "Stoicism and Christianity," says De Pressensé, "were necessarily and inevitably antagonistic. Two doctrines, apparently somewhat akin, but in reality profoundly dissimilar, come into more violent collision than those which are in all points opposed. The stoical school, the refuge of souls who mistook pride for greatness, pretended to be the restorer of the ancient world. It encountered in its path a despised sect, which, while inwrapping itself as it seemed in the mantle of stoicism, and uttering maxims no less austere, succeeded where stoicism had failed, and robbed it of its influence. Christianity, from its very first contact with stoicism, overthrew the scaffolding so laboriously erected, and opposed the heroism of holiness to its cold and boastful virtue. Stoicism was, after all, but Roman pharisaism, and pharisaism, whether seated in the chair of the doctor or on the throne of the empire, acts infallibly the part of the persecutor." To such minds and culture as that of Marcus Aurelius, such doctrines as redemption, salvation, grace, pardon, regeneration, must ever meet with hostility or contempt. They are not fallen, they need no redemption; they are not sinful, they need no regeneration; they are not guilty, they need no pardon; they are not weak, they need no grace. Christianity to such must always be foolishness or fanaticism.

But notwithstanding all these sources of opposition the Gospel must win and triumph. Christianity, coming into the world under the authority of a Divine Teacher, "God also bearing witness with signs and wonders," and propagated by zealous disciples exhibiting in their lives unexampled purity, and proclaiming in their discourses truths of unequaled sublimity, must rapidly spread itself throughout the world, finding an early lodgment in thousands of human hearts. Scarcely a hundred years had elapsed after the death of Christ, when Christianity had been preached to willing hearts throughout Asia Minor, Syria, and Cilicia; in Illyricum, Arabia, and Egypt; in Parthia, Media, and Persia; had invaded Greece and Italy, and in another century had reached the ears and penetrated the hearts of the barbarous Germans, and Gauls, and Celts, and Britons. A century more and the swelling numbers of Persian Christians awakened the merciless persecution of their sovereign, and, flying from their persecutor, they carried with them the messages of peace to still more distant nations of Asia.

while the same divine power was taming many savage and warlike Goths who endured the scourges of their pagan king in Northern Europe.

Three hundred years of the mysterious working of this divine heaven broke the power of paganism in Rome, and won the heart of Constantine. A little longer and the superstitions of Rome were supplanted, and Christianity was established as the basis of the Roman government. Thus its progress was onward and irresistible, but of necessity its progress was marked by agitations, commotions, struggles, upheavings of society, explosions of old and worn-out institutions, and in some instances by complete disruptions of nations. We could no more expect the accomplishment of these transformations in human society without these accompanying commotions, than we could expect the atmosphere or the ocean to purify themselves without the lightning, the thunder, and the storms. And these agitations and commotions could no more crush or arrest these transformations, than can the storms which lash and fret the ocean's surface stay the uprising of the tide.

In these thoughts our eye has been fixed only on the progress of the Gospel as an outward, organized kingdom or Church, fighting its way into recognition in the world. There is a still more interesting conflict which it has waged in the world as a contest with mind and heart, in which it works out into form and order its own system of truth and life, and gives uncompromising battle to all forms of error and untruth existing among men. The contemplation of this conflict we reserve for another paper.

#### ALEXIS—HIS HOME AND HIS RELIGION.

THE United States and Russian fleets anchored in New York Bay, on a bright November morning, told of the friendly intimacy between the greatest empire of the world and the greatest republic. All the shipping in the harbor wore its gala dress, and the flags of all nations fluttered from stem to stern.

That perfection of femininity—the Mary Powell—steamed along-side the stout frigate *Svetland*—Columbia, young and beautiful, going to meet the Northland old and fierce, lo! she found a navy lieutenant, who did duty and kept watch in turn with his brother-officers—a plain young man, eschewing gold lace and finery, with brave heart and warm, extended hand, ready, too, with English-speaking tongue, to meet the fairest of the nations.

Our honored guest, the son of an illustrious

monarch, and worthy from his own inherent nobleness, deserves more than a passing glance as he stands on the frigate's deck receiving his New World friends.

His ancestry were men and women of powerful stature, and he is stalwart as any of the Romanoffs, being over six feet in height, with chest of the depth and breadth of a Titan's—head and shoulders above his company, his is a presence of unusual power, but his demeanor has much of modesty. He has a noble head—beautiful in its development of intellect, veneration, and benevolence, short, golden hair, deep-blue eyes, large, with swift, sparkling expression.

His hand is by no means small, nor is its grasp sentimental and affected; he evidently believes in doing well what one does at all.

This ordeal over, Columbia proffers Russia republican hospitality, military honors with blended national anthems. "For God and sacred Russia" and our own matchless airs float around him up Broadway. Alexis bows and smiles; refuses a gorgeous couch and sleeps in his own hammock; goes to church on a weekday afternoon, then hastens to meet our citizen President.

Three of the great cities lure him to banquets and redowas; Boston, to schools and poetry; the West, to its great growth of skill and industry, as well as to its illimitable plains, rich in flocks and herds, and we stay-at-home folk, looking at so discreet and courteous a traveler, reflect that he must have excellent parents, thorough mental discipline, and stern, religious training.

The imperial family are, most of them, pre-eminent for simplicity of style and for those sterling qualities we have a right to look for in truly noble blood; for this, and because he is the representative of a vast and friendly power, since he proves to be what we have long, vainly looked for—a model prince—I am interested in this visitor.

A dissolute or unprincipled man, be he royal or plebeian, is undeserving the attention of a daughter of the Republic. Bishop Simpson, on behalf of the ladies at the Methodist Fair in Philadelphia, presented the Archduke with an afghan wrought in hand needle-work, and in so doing hails him as the worthy son of Alexander, "whose greatest glory is not in his wealth or his power, but in his sympathy for laboring humanity." As such we deem him worthy a place in the Repository; so let us refresh our memories by the enumeration of his family:

Alexander II, present Emperor of Russia,



born April 17, 1818, son of Emperor Nicholas I and of Louisa, of Prussia; succeeded his father February 18, 1855; married April 16, 1841, Maria, daughter of Grand Duke Ludwig II, of Hesse Darmstadt. Children:

1. Nicholas, who died of consumption in Nice, Italy, in 1865.
2. Alexander, heir apparent, born February 26, 1845; married November 9, 1866, Maria Dagmar, daughter of King Christian IX of Denmark.
3. Vladimir, born April 10, 1847
4. Alexis, born January 2, 1850.
5. Maria, born October 5, 1853.
6. Sergius, born April, 1857.
7. Paul, born September 21, 1860.

Unlike other royal children, it will be noticed these Russians bear but one name each. It is so throughout the Empire. This custom rests upon the belief that each name has its representative in heaven, who is the guardian angel of all those bearing that name. It is impossible, therefore, they say, that any one should bear two, because he can not have two protecting angels; that is, he can not serve two masters.

Alexis was christened at St. Isaac's Cathedral, soon after his birth, as Colonel of the Ekaterinaburg Infantry Regiment. In 1856 his education was commenced at home. In 1862 he was appointed to a position in the imperial navy because of the intrepidity he manifested when at sea in a storm in company with the Grand Admiral of the Russian fleet, G. D. Constantine. His official positions are Captain and Aid-de-camp to the Emperor, and Chief of the Ekaterinaburg Regiment of Infantry, and of the first squadron of the fleet of Finland, his present rank in the navy being that of first lieutenant.

Alexis is said to be his father's favorite, and almost invariably accompanies him in his visit to the various provinces. He was present at the memorable interview, occurring at Ems last Summer between his grand-uncle, Emperor William, of Germany, and the Emperor of Russia, and only left his father after the interview with the Emperor of Austria in order to join his squadron, then about to sail from Cronstadt for the United States.

We do not wonder at the Czar's partiality, knowing that from childhood this son has developed unusual courage and generosity. At the age of twelve years he saved the life of a drowning person; his munificence to the poor of our cities and to other charities, shows that his manhood performs the promise of early youth.

He is a natural sailor, and adapted to the life he has chosen—that of the navy. It is said that he will probably never attain any higher rank than that of Grand Admiral, being the position now held by his uncle, the Archduke Constantine. For my part I wish he could be his father's successor, for the heir apparent is not lovable, being conservative in matters pertaining to progress in his country; is not friendly to foreign nations, being, also, of beligerent propensities, seeming to emulate the example of his grandfather, Nicholas, rather than that of the cherished, peaceful Czar, Alexander. It is enough to know that he is the acknowledged head of the "Old Russian" dynasty.

The best that can be said of him is, that he has an excellent wife, Princess Dagmar, beautiful to a remarkable degree, her grace and sweetness winning all hearts. She is almost idolized by the nation, as was her first affianced, her husband's older brother, who died under the sunny skies of Italy. She being destined to marry the heir of that throne passed to his successor, the same as did the prospective empire. Even a bad prince, if he have a good wife, may not be wholly lost.

What of the royal father and mother? We will leave the Autocrat of all the Russias for the closing paragraphs of this article. The Empress came from a princely house, that of Hesse Darmstadt, famed for the piety and grace of its daughters. She is a stately beauty, is rarely seen in public, being so saddened at the death of her eldest born that she has the appearance of an invalid. Her marriage with the Emperor is purely a love match, he having his choice from among the German princesses, and there is the strongest personal attachment between husband and wife, parents and children.

She is the unfailing support and adviser of the Czar, and, with her lofty ideal of a nation and a court, has borne her part in making her country and her Emperor the world's admiration. How may a good woman sway the destinies of a nation!

To prove the simplicity of this royal family, allow me to use the words of one of the tourists aboard the "Quaker City;" in fact, one of our own citizens of Cleveland, who, with other "innocents abroad," was hospitably entertained on the grounds surrounding the imperial Summer palace at Yalta, by the Emperor and family:

"There was nothing about them to indicate characteristics that we are accustomed to associate with royalty, while every member of the beautiful household was noticeable for plainness of attire, frankness, ease and familiarity of

manners. "Whenever I meet an American, I meet a brother," was the sentiment prominent in conversation."

It may please the ladies to know how the Czarina and the Grand Duchess Marie, then aged fourteen years, were dressed on this occasion.

They wore simple suits of foulard silk, dotted and trimmed with blue, broad blue sashes, linen collars and clerical ties of muslin, low-crowned hats encircled with blue velvet; parasols and gloves. Marie wore her own hair plaited in thick braids, instead of the fashionable waterfall; this young lady, by the way, has a wonderful influence over her father.

The Emperor himself wore a cap, frock coat, and pantaloons of white linen drilling, no jewelry or any insignia of rank. He and the Empress, with others of the family, conducted the party for a half hour through the palace, chatting familiarly and delightfully in English.

They went to lunch at the most beautiful of the Summer palaces—that of the Grand Duke Michael, brother of the Czar. Another "Innocent" thus describes this charming villa: "The palace nestles among the grand old groves of the park; the park sits in the lap of picturesque crags and hills, and both look out upon the breezy ocean. In the park are rustic seats, here and there, in secluded nooks that are dark with shade; there are rivulets of crystal water; lakelets, with inviting, grassy banks; glimpses of sparkling cascades through openings in the wilderness of foliage; streams of clear water, gushing from mimic knots on the trunks of forest-trees; miniature marble temples perched upon gray old crags; airy lookouts whence one may gaze upon a broad expanse of land and sea. The palace is modeled after the choicest forms of Grecian architecture, and its wide colonnades surround a central court banked with rare flowers, and in their midst springs a fountain cooling the Summer air."

Apropos to these delightfully rural abodes of princes, let us look at some of the magnificence pertaining to the home of Alexis, "for it is among the splendors of life to be born to its purple." Six principal palaces belong to the Court of St. Petersburg: Mihailoff, Tawrida, Annitchkoff, and Marble Palaces, the Hermitage and Winter Palace, the two latter connected by galleries.

Kohl tells us that the Empress Catharine built the Hermitage, as Frederick his Sans-Souci and Numa Pompilius his Grotto of Egeria, and that she built this magic temple for the recreation of her leisure in the conversation of learned men, and for the preservation of the produc-

tions of art; and it is well known how attractive, how splendid and luxurious were the evenings passed here, when the business transacted in the Winter Palace was ended, and when traversing the covered passages and bridges that connected the buildings she entered her own magic creation, where she had formed a little republic of arts and letters. Musicians displayed their talent, artists their works, and men of wit their opinions, and the pictures which we see elsewhere, only as allegorical representations of art and science-loving princes, were here every day realized. On the roof of the building the mighty Semiramis of the North had created a garden with flowers, shrubs and lofty trees, heated in Winter by subterranean vaults, and illuminated in Summer, making an abode fit for the Grecian Olympus.

This old palace is now converted into an Art Museum, and in its galleries, according to Kohl, are Claude Lorraine's landscapes, pictures of pastoral life by Wynant, Hondeköta, Cuyp and Rosa di Tivoli, Wouvermann's battle-pieces, Rembrandt's heads of old men, sages, and scribes, his "Taking down from the Cross," and Caracci's "Christ bearing the Cross." At the further end of the Rembrandt hall are Vernet's horses, of all possible varieties, from the wild, rough-coated steeds of Siberia, to the tamest and most thoroughly broken parade and coach horses; the half-wild horses of the steppe, the slender, fiery Cossack horse, the small, poor-looking but spirited animals of Poland and Lithuania, and the agile, unwearied natives of the Crimea and Caucasus. All is green in this apartment—billows of green grass, green parrots, and green malachite vases. Here are rooms sparkling with precious stones, pillars of jasper, cornices of porphyry, figures of lapis lazuli; cabinets filled with trophies brought by Russian antiquaries from the graves of the Crimea. This is one of the most interesting collections to be seen anywhere; and we must admire the providence of that government in gathering and preserving so many costly relics from distant periods.

Kohl graphically describes these. From ancient times the countless graves of the Greeks of Taurus, and of the original inhabitants of the Caucasus and Siberia, have been objects of zealous research. The Alarics, Huns, Tartars, and Cossacks of the present day have plundered them and melted down the treasures found therein. The greater part of the Kurgans and Mohilos of Southern Russia have been burrowed and explored; a considerable trade was carried on with the treasure found there. The graves of Kertsh, at the mouth of the

Taurian Bosphorus, have yielded largely, and also the burial-places of Mithridates and his successors, the kings of the Bosphorus. The choicest objects are the laurel wreaths of pure ducat gold. Many of them are quite perfect, not a twig or leaf deficient. These wreaths adorned the victor's brows more gracefully than our orders and stars. The head, crowned by the ancients, was far more the original seat of great deeds, than the breast adorned by us with ribbons and gewgaws.

After the halls of the golden laurel wreaths and the Italian cameos, we come again to other magic productions of color, the greater part of which belonged to Malmaison. Here we see powerful Domenichinos and Tintoretos, honey sweet Carlo Dolces, the beautiful marble flesh of Van der Weft, numerous Vandycks and Rubenses.

The Hermitage has also a copy of Raffaele's Loggi, executed by the best Italian masters, in one of the wings built for the purpose by the celebrated architect, Guarenghi, being placed here in a much more advantageous light than in Rome itself.

In the passages of the Loggi are displayed some beautiful models in wax and ivory, partly representations of Russian popular life. Among other things there is an exquisitely wrought settlement of Russian peasants in wax. A wooden dwelling-house is seen on the borders of a brook. A fisherman is sitting by; an old bearded peasant is at work in the yard; his daughter is going to the spring; the old mother is before the door feeding poultry. Kohl states that he has but touched on some of the treasures of this palace.

The Winter Palace is the largest in the world, in the form of a vast square. Some idea of its size may be gathered from the fact that the watchers placed on the roof for various purposes, among others, to keep the water in the tanks from freezing during the Winter by casting in red-hot balls, built themselves huts between the chimneys, took there their wives and children, and even kept poultry and goats which fed on the grass of the roof. The suites of apartments were perfect labyrinths; no less than six thousand persons had an abode there; even the chief of the imperial household, who had filled that post twelve years, was not perfectly acquainted with all parts of the building. Its halls are of wonderful beauty, and filled with the richest statuary, gems, and pictures. Here are to be found some of the most magnificent tables and vases of malachite. The material for these is yielded in Siberia. This substance is susceptible of a high polish, and is of a green

or blue color; some of these vases are valued at a hundred thousand rubles each.

"Whoever delights in jewels should seek admission to the Winter Palace. There, in a large room on the second floor, guarded night and day by officers of the household, are preserved the glittering treasures of the Empire. Most noticeable among them is the great Orloff diamond, surmounting the scepter, the largest of the crown diamonds of Europe. It is rose-cut, as it came from India. Its size and light suit it to the scepter of a realm like this; here is an exquisite diamond called the Polar Star, a lesser rose-tinted stone, bought by the Emperor Paul for a hundred thousand rubles; there the mystic jewel, the Shah, gift of Persia, with a Persian inscription on its side.

"The Imperial Crown is a dome of diamonds bound with pearls, its whiteness relieved by the red of an immense ruby which burns upon its top, and supports a cross composed of five diamonds of wondrous brilliancy. The golden globe upbears a large sapphire shining with a light steady and cerulean as the heaven of the Mediterranean, while above it a limpid diamond rests upon the azure like a white cloud upon the sky. The coronet of the Empress is made altogether of diamonds of equal size and luster—a diadem, dainty and dazzling. Besides these most noticeable things, there is a long line of cases filled with jewels wrought into necklaces, bracelets, brooches, and combs; into buttons, buckles, bows, and rosettes; into girdles, plumes, fans, stars, and orders.

"For centuries Russia has drawn upon the hoarded treasures of Turkey, Persia, and India, region of jewels and of races that delight to wear them; and now the mines of Siberia have come to swell her stores. Nothing can be more beautiful than some of the Siberian crystals here—with their delicate tints, green, rose, and violet—for the setting of which the clearest diamonds have not been thought too costly. Standing in this regal room you cease to wonder at the world's estimate of precious stones, and know why St. John fashioned of their splendors the walls and gates of the New Jerusalem."

Alexis, in the midst of this refinement of luxury, must be an educated man. Certainly, he is familiar with at least six languages: Latin, Greek, French, German, his own, and ours. He has been taught mostly by a private tutor, for Russia is the paradise of foreign teachers, and this kind of instruction is popular among the higher classes. In that country the tutor is an oracle, and the governess a prophetess. They are paid high salaries, and their social position is enviable. He has received a mathe-

matical and physical education in the school of engineers, kept in the old Michailoff palace, has been thoroughly drilled in geography and history, and, without doubt, his Uncle Michael's wonderful riding-school has made him an accomplished equestrian.

There are some advantages for public instruction in Russia, a few universities, and the great Foundling Hospital at St. Petersburg educates thousands of children. This and a very few other educational institutions furnish yearly from eight to ten hundred young women for the offices of instruction.

We have observed that Alexis is tenacious of the outward forms of worship. What of his religion? The Russians are strictly a church-going people, and in their country the established Church is the Greek. The best authorities in our language give the following as its peculiarities:

The Greek Church holds, in common with the Roman Catholic, the doctrines of the seven sacraments, of the sacrifice of the mass, of the veneration of the Virgin Mary, the saints, images, and relics; of the meritoriousness of fasting and other works; the hierarchical degrees of ecclesiastical orders and monasticism. Its peculiar tenets are mainly the following: It disowns the authority of the Pope, and lays no claim to the character of infallibility. It performs baptism by trine or threefold immersion. It administers the Lord's-Supper in both kinds, and gives the sacraments of confirmation and communion to children immediately after baptism. It denies the existence of a purgatory, yet prays for the dead, that God would have mercy on them at the general judgment. It maintains that the Holy Ghost proceeds only from the Father, and not from the Son. It admits of no images in relief or embossed work, but uses paintings and engravings in copper or silver. It approves of the marriage of priests, provided they enter into that state before their admission into holy orders; it condemns their second marriages. It keeps our fasts in the year more solemnly than the rest, the greatest of these commencing seven weeks before Easter.

Every Russian is obliged to take the sacrament once a year. Sermons, until recently, were a rare exception. In 1858 a movement for preaching every Sunday was successfully commenced. Catechising is something unusual, and the arrangements for religious instruction are very imperfect. The principal Church service consists of the mass and of singing, the latter being much the most attractive part. The Greek Church does not admit instrumental music; great pains are taken to cultivate the voice

into a sweet, harmonious murmur. There is a special institution in St. Petersburg for the instruction of singers for the imperial chapel.

Female voices are never heard in the Russian churches; their place is supplied by boys. Women do not yet stand high enough in the estimation of the Church or of the people to be permitted to sing the praises of God in the presence of men. I would suggest that after the women of India are in a fair way for evangelization, that we of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society direct our attention toward exterminating this relic of heathenism in the Greek Church. None of its members are allowed to secede to another denomination, and all children born of mixed marriages are claimed for it. All foreign princesses marrying into the imperial family must likewise embrace the national religion.

The church edifices are mostly built in the form of a cross. The altar stands toward the East, under a vault which is higher than the nave, and separated from it by a partition board containing three doors, the middle of which is called the sacred door, and when opened permits the altar to be seen. Benches are not used, as the people never sit during divine service, but stand, supported by a kind of crutch.

According to Kohl the Russians love pomp and splendor in their churches. On the Ikonostas—pictorial wall of the sanctuary—are faces of the apostles and saints, the Madonna and Redeemer. Indeed, no matter what dwelling one enters, so fond are the populace of pictures, whether in palace or hut, suspended in the further corner of the room is a Madonna's likeness with a lamp hanging before it, and, if possible, always kept burning. The balustrades surrounding the Ikonostas are sometimes of the finest glass, the doors formed of golden columns, twined and interlaced with vine leaves and ears of corn, in carved or gilded wood, and the floor composed of variegated marbles.

The interior of these temples is oppressively gloomy, the air usually chill, and in the dimness the lamps burning before the shrines seem like twinkling stars. "Two things," says one of our brilliant women, "lighten the solemn melancholy of the service, the equality of classes and the music of the chants and responses. Here are no pews or privileged seats, but high and low bow side by side before the altar." Would that their worship had in it the power of a living Christ!

A description of a few of these edifices may interest the reader.

The Smolnoi Convent is distinguished for the taste of its decorations. It is more spacious



than Russian churches in general, and its five cupolas are placed in harmonious relation to each other. They are painted a deep blue, with golden stars. The church of the cloister is open to the public; is very pleasing in its style, only two colors being seen—the gold framework of the ornamental objects, and of the white marble highly polished and covering all the walls, pillars, and arches. Several galleries, which are illuminated on high festival days, run around the interior of the dome. Twenty-four stoves of huge dimensions are scattered through the building, and are built to look like little chapels, and are very ornamental, greeting with genuine warmth all who enter.

"St. Isaac's, of St. Petersburg, is the grandest church in Russia and in all Northern Europe; and, if its magnificence of bronze and rose-brown granite had been fashioned into a Gothic instead of an Italian pile, it might, perhaps, have been the grandest in the world. It stands in the great square near the river. It was begun by Alexander I, completed and dedicated with all the splendor of the Greek ceremonial a few years after the accession of the Emperor Nicholas. One million dollars were spent in sinking piles for its foundation, and untold sums have been lavished upon the cathedral itself. Built of Finland granite, in the usual Russian form of a Greek cross, at each of its four sides one ascends by three flights of massive steps—each flight cut from a single stone—to the four noble entrances, the pillars of whose porticoes are monoliths larger than those of the Roman Pantheon, and akin to the columns hewn by genii for the Syrian Temple of the Sun. The bases and Corinthian capitals of these columns are of bronze. Of bronze, also, are the groups illustrative of Scripture history, and commemorative of apostles, saints, and martyrs, filling the pediments and ornamenting façade and roof, in rich harmony with the somber back-ground; while the great Byzantine dome, encircled by smaller domes at the angles of the roof, and supported by thirty granite pillars, lifts itself above the mass, overlaid with gold and ornamented by a golden cross, which, in fair weather, to those who, miles away, sail on the sea or journey across the inland plains, shines like an unfading star. Within all is gorgeous gloom. Perpetual twilight reigns under the lofty vault; and the lamps, burning night and day before the sacred pictures, help to interpret the wealth of mosaics, and marbles, and the splendor of the tall columns of malachite and lapis lazuli upholding the Ikonostas interposed before the inmost shrine, their mingled tints of green and blue having the weird effect of an ice cavern in

the Alps, or a grotto under the wave. The shrine itself is inclosed in a marvelous miniature temple of these precious stones, adorned with gold, while every-where jasper and porphyry, and whatever rare and beautiful materials Russian quarries can furnish, are wrought into ceiling and floor.

"With reverent faces the fair-haired, blue-eyed Russians are constantly entering for their devotions. Purchasing a small wax candle from a table near the door, and advancing to one of the shrines, with prostrations and signs of the cross, they light the taper at the sacred lamp and place it in the silver stand pierced with holes; then, kissing the pavement, say a short prayer and retire, still looking toward the altar; while without, those who pass within the shadow of the dome, cross themselves and utter a pious ejaculation.

"Magnificent Temple of the North is St. Isaac's!"

"The most important events in the lives of the Czars are solemnized in the Kremlin of Moscow, which is the religious heart of Russia; they are crowned in the Cathedral of the Assumption; wedded in that of the Annunciation; buried, until the time of Peter the Great, in the Church of the Archangel Michael. The Cathedral of the Assumption is their holy of holies, adorned with the oldest and most sacred pictures and containing the tombs of the patriarchs who have officiated there. Solidly built of stone, the plainness of its exterior is only relieved by five golden domes, but within there is no space that is not covered with paintings or mosaics on a gilded ground—the most precious set with costly gems."

"Just outside the Redeemer Gate of the Kremlin stands the most picturesque edifice in Russia—that conglomerate of rainbow domes and towers—that tulip of architecture, the Church of St. Basil. Erected in the sixteenth century to commemorate the taking of Kazan, it is the wildest dream of a mosque, except that for the light, airy spaces of the Arab structures, there are the heavy walls and the gayly painted, dungeon-like chapels of the Muscovite north. Rivaling the ancient edifices in splendor and interest is the Temple of the Savior, whose golden Oriental domes are far more beautiful than the smoothly rounded ones of St. Isaac's, and the crosses which surmount them are not of the Latin type, but such as are found in the early churches of the Empire, with three transverse bars, according to the tradition which makes the cross of Christ to have been fashioned of cedar and palm, cypress and olive wood."

We should love to linger in the enchanted North until all the beauty and the grandeur we have found in our research had been yours to enjoy. We must hasten to glance at the ruler of this realm, the almost absolute master of seventy millions of people; who bears his honors meekly, who comes among his own in citizen's garb, and who has made himself the beloved of the nation. The summing up of his excellencies is thus set forth: "In his career his actions have hitherto exhibited a humane, broad, and liberal spirit; he is emancipating Russia from its old military routine; he has relaxed the censorship of the press, foreign newspapers circulate freely, domestic journals enjoy a new liberty; he has prohibited espionage, unflinchingly wars against official corruption, allowing it to be exposed; he advances young men in the different branches of public service; he has given a new impulse to internal industry and trade; seeks to develop the national commercial marine, and induces native merchants to trade with other parts; has annulled the impediments which prevented Russians from visiting foreign lands; has granted a general amnesty for political offenders, recalling the exiled from Siberia and allowing fugitives to return; is employing the whole energy of the Government and of the nation in covering his immense empire with a net-work of railroads."

The crowning glory of his life is the emancipation of over twenty millions of serfs, which was accomplished, after overcoming all obstacles, five years after his accession; the first ruler to do so great a service to humanity, for he set the example to Abraham Lincoln and to Don Pedro of Brazil.

"Did you say serf, sir? serf! there 's not one  
Living to-day in the light of our sun!  
Russians, free Russians, we all of us are,  
From Oripand Michael, my boys, to the Czay!

This cabin is old, but the garden is mine;  
And mine are these fields, and that forest of pine;  
When I will I can build me a house strong and good,  
With logs of my own I shall hew in the wood."

#### ON OUTSIDE SHOW.

THINGS are not what they seem! There is an outside show that, in some cases, dazzles our sight, and in others deceives our judgment. That which promises much frequently yields but little, while that which has been undervalued is often abundantly productive.

Whatever may be the outward words and deeds, there is so much that is deceptive hidden

beneath them, and we know, at the very best, but a part of the truth; I sometimes think that the best and the worst deeds of men are yet unchronicled. The men who have forfeited their lives at the gallows amid the execrations of the crowd, and those who have been effigied in marble, calling forth the grateful admiration of mankind, may have been transcendently surpassed in villainy or virtue by hundreds whose names the dust of oblivion has rendered illegible forever.

It is a truth that we hide more than we reveal, but God seeth through all our disguises, "for his eyes are upon the ways of man, and he seeth all his goings." "The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

One might imagine that the very knowledge of ourselves would go far to defend us from being led away by the outside of things. How often do we stifle our emotions, trying to appear happy when our hearts are near bursting; and affecting calmness when strong passion, burning in our veins, is clamorous to break forth like a torrent! There is much in the fiery volcano that resembles the hidden feelings of the human heart. Vesuvius may be quiet outwardly, while turbulence is burning within. We may be unconscious of danger, when all at once the rumbling earthquake is heard and felt. The smoke bursts into a flame, hot stones and cinders are hurled into the air, and, amid the bellowing thunder, a flood of molten earth and minerals rushes down from the summit of the fiery mountain, spreading desolation around.

Again, I say, things are not what they seem. We learn in our very childhood that the cat's velvet paw is not clawless; that the blackberry grows on a brier; that the blooming bud is often cankered at its heart; that the shining bubble bursts while it glitters in the sun, and that the sparkling fire-work ends only in darkness; and yet in after years we suffer ourselves to be deceived by appearances almost as much as ever.

It seems a sort of principle among mankind to appear other than they are. Many who are ill scrupulously hide their infirmities, while others who are well affect to be out of health. There are rich people who try to appear poor, and hundreds of poor people who endeavor to pass themselves off as very rich. Some keep back the truth out of kindness to the feelings of others. Some make mountains of mole-hills, or mole-hills of mountains, to serve themselves or their friends; and thousands are, in their minds, bodies, and estates, just the reverse of what their appearance sets forth. Motives

may be, yea, doubtless are, different in different cases, yet still it is not the less true that the world is a masquerade, wherein one character is always deceiving another. It was so of olden time, it is so now, and is likely to remain so. O, for a hearty and unbounded confidence in Him who deceiveth not, but is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever!

Then, again, we are so short-sighted that we are continually taking evil for good, and good for evil. When Joseph was stripped out of his coat, his coat of many colors, when he was cast into the pit and sold to the Ishmaelites, it seemed, no doubt, a rugged path that he was treading, whereas it was the very highway to the favor of Pharaoh. When Haman erected a gallows fifty cubits high, he was misled by appearances; he saw by anticipation Mordecai hanging thereon, but his gallows was the instrument of his own destruction.

Who would have thought that an armed giant, the weight of whose coat of mail was five thousand shekels of brass, and whose spear-staff was like a weaver's beam, could have been brought to the ground with a pebble stone? Or that the waters of the brook Jordan would be more healing than those of Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus? Yet these things were so, and stranger things than even these have happened.

Once more I say things are not what they seem: some things are underrated, while others are too highly prized. Samson the strong saw not in the fair face of his Delilah deceit, treachery, bondage, cruelty, and death; nor did the learned Rabbins of the Jews discern in the fleshly form of the "Man of sorrows" the Lord of life and glory. They were misled by outward appearances. Cain thought that because the presence of Abel was a trouble to him his absence would give him ease; but O, what a mark was branded on his brow, and what a load of sorrow was laid on his heart by the violent deed he committed!

Things are not what they seem in common life. A conviction of this fact brought home to our hearts may be practically useful. The benighted traveler, weary with his wanderings and bewildered with the mists and darkness around him, hastens to the distant light, which he fondly dreams to emanate from some hospitable hearth. Already, in imagination, he partakes of the friendly glow. It is but one more effort that is necessary, and then his wants will be supplied and his fears dispelled. Alas! when in the act of realizing all his hopes, he flounders in the mire into which the wandering wild-fire of the marsh has allured him! Commonplace

as this illustration may be, it is "faithful to a fault" in setting forth the mistakes of hundreds, when afflicted in mind, in body, or estate. The royal Psalmist said, "When my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I;" but how many are there who, oppressed by the heat and burden of the day, see, or rather fancy that they see, a far better covert to fly to than Him who is "as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land!" How many wills-o'-the-wisp drew aside the trembling heart, the wounded conscience, promising much, and performing little! Things are not what they seem.

The pale-faced invalid, who has been made to possess days of darkness, and to whom wearisome nights have been appointed, hears of some famous mountebank, some medical charlatan, who, reckless of falsehood and dishonesty, unblushingly undertakes to cure all diseases. To him the sick man hies, sees in him a benefactor, and in his nostrum a healing balm, an infallible restorative to health and vigor. By and by the mountebank is unmasked, and the delusion is made clear; but it is too late—the invalid has been robbed of his remaining strength. Things are not what they seem.

The thoughtless spendthrift, who has involved himself in numberless embarrassments; who has mortgaged his means, and anticipated all his resources; whose way is hedged up with thorns, by accident casts his eye on a paragraph in some public journal. "Money on easy terms" seems like a sunbeam to his delighted vision, and with breathless haste he hurries off to the kind-hearted and generous lender. Gladly he puts his name to the proffered bills, and in another hour is to receive the seasonable supply. Things are not what they seem. When he returns the lenders are vanished. His golden expectations are but a dream; but the responsibility he has incurred is a fearful reality.

One of the most striking instances of a deceitful outside show in the natural creation that I remember ever to have witnessed was in the trunk of an oak. To all appearance, there stood a goodly tree before me, and its giant branches were redundantly clad with verdure; but on a closer inspection I found the trunk to be a mere outside shell. The side opposite to that on which I had at first gazed had, with the heart of the tree, altogether decayed away. Much of a similar nature may sometimes be found among mankind—an outside flourishing appearance, without a heart. In a tree this is to be regretted, but in a human being it is a wretched spectacle.

I once conversed privately with a public jester, whose avocation was, dressed in gay ap-

parel, to excite merriment in the multitude that gathered around him. What a world of comicality could he throw into his expressive face! What an exhaustless fund of drollery did he possess! and what roars of irrepressible laughter did he call forth amid the crowd! He was, to all appearance, one of the most light-hearted and happy beings that ever wore a smile. But what did he tell me in private? That the color in his cheek was painted, that the jests he uttered were hackneyed, that the mirth he manifested was feigned, and that he was one of the most miserable of mortals on the face of the earth. This may be no ordinary instance of the striking difference between the fiction and the fact, the shadow and the substance, the outside show and the inward feeling; but approaches to something like the same thing are to be seen around us every day of our lives.

Certain it is, that things are not what they seem; and the knowledge of this truth should lead us more and more to mistrust our own judgment, and to look above for wisdom and instruction.

#### THE KING'S MIRROR.

AN Eastern palace once was planned

By ancient king of fabled story;  
With slender spires and turrets bold,  
Of quaint design, both rare and old,  
Inwrought with gems and burnished gold.  
O, naught had been in all that land  
One half so beautiful and grand,

Nor crowned with such transcendent glory.

For it should have a dome so high

'T would rend the very clouds in sunder;  
And, graven there, in deep design,  
Should live full many a cherished line,  
With scenes 'round which the heart should twine;  
Thus, gazing where it blessed the sky,  
While dews of brightness bathed the eye,

The world should bow in ceaseless wonder.

Now fingers skilled in artful ways,

With busy haste their service render  
Till all that wondrous dome is done.  
Swift sinks to-night the setting sun,  
As if it feared 't would be outshone.  
If lingering long, it stopped to gaze  
Where flushed and burned so bright a blaze,  
Where flashed and flamed so new a splendor.

Soon, with the early morning light,

In eagerness all eyes were raising;  
Like walls of fire the turrets gleamed,  
The spires like wrathful lightning seemed,  
While from the dome such glory streamed  
As may not bless frail, mortal sight;  
And when it shone intensely bright

They walked as blind, or fell while gazing.

While mourning fills the heart of man,

The King, in wisdom, ne'er despaireth—

His call is by the world obeyed—

A mirror 'neath the dome is laid,

And, calmly gazing there, they read,

And reading, pause to read again;

They view the grandeur of his plan,

And bless the Hand that for them careth.

And while the days flowed on at will,

They ever turned to seek that mirror,

And ever found some long-sought line,

Or some sweet shade of light divine,

Reflecting from the rare design;

There seemed some balm for human ill

Within the mirror's depths so still,

Which daily to their hearts grew dearer.

Thus God, in matchless love, designed

To stand revealed to all his creatures,

But not unto our finite sight

Could come, in all its wealth of light,

The glory of the Infinite;

And so the great eternal mind

Sent forth the Word, and called mankind

To view, reflected there, his features.

'T was God's own spell! soft, holy light

O'erfloods the soul, inwrought in gazing.

We view the deep, the grand design—

Trace out each mirrored, God-wrought line—

Catch blended shades of light divine,

And bless the hand which to our sight

Hath tempered his effulgence bright,

The king, who gave the mirror, praising.

#### CALVARY.

NOT on Gerizim, whence blessings were poured,

Like soft dews of grace on the hosts of the Lord;

Not on Mount Ebal, whence curses were hurled,

On such as had turned to the gods of the world;

Not where, from Pisgah's height, visions were seen,

Life's beautiful river and fields ever green.

And the bright pearly gates of the city above—

Not there do we learn of his wonderful love.

Not where, on Mount Tabor, his glory was seen,

And even his raiment grew light with its sheen,

When Elias and Moses from mansions on high,

Came to talk with him there of the death he must die;

Not where Mount Sinai's thunders held Israel in awe,

While God gave to Moses the words of the law;

These speak of his power, his majesty prove,

But they tell not the depths of his wonderful love.

Mount Olivet's summit can never unfold,

The love of our Savior more precious than gold;

But go, and with him in Gethsemane kneel,

And learn by his anguish what love he can feel;

Go to Calvary, there see our Lord crucified,

And know that for sinners the sinless one died;

Go to Calvary, there his atoning blood prove,

At the foot of the cross learn how great was his love.



## The Children's Repository.

### MAMIE GRAY'S DREAM.

**L**ITTLE Mamie Gray's mother was a widow, and, perhaps, Mamie would have told you she was a very poor one. At all events you would have thought so, had you heard Mamie's many complaints. I do not mean that she made these complaints at school. O no! There she was all smiles and sweet words. It was in her own home where they were heard. Her mother had been left with a pretty little house, and a few hundred dollars in the bank. The interest on this money paid the taxes and kept the cottage in repair. For their food and clothing Mrs. Gray had to work. She wished to keep Mamie in school that she might have what would be of life-service to her—a good education. And Mamie was quite ready to be kept there. She was willing, too, to study hard, and was not a little proud of the progress she made.

All this was very well. But while Mamie stored her head with much useful knowledge, she also permitted many vain and silly thoughts to enter.

"I've worn this old dress long enough," said she, as she came in from school one day. "Other girls have new dresses at least once in a dozen years, and I do not see why I should be made to wear the same one forever."

Mrs. Gray stitched away, but said nothing. She herself had for many months been wishing she could lay by a little toward a sewing-machine; it was so slow saving money by hand-sewing. But here was Mamie asking for a new dress.

"I guess, if you had to go to school and study all day, you would n't care to have your fun spoilt at recess by hearing girls make sport of your clothes," continued Mamie.

"I know it's hard, Mamie. But do the best I can, I can not earn more than just enough to keep the wolf from the door."

"Well, I'm sure I do n't know how it is, but Esther Gray has much better clothes than I have, and her mother has to earn them all."

"She has a machine," said Mrs. Gray, with a sigh. "And then her sons send her a certain sum every month."

"I can't see any reason why some people should be so poor. You used to be pretty well off, and I think you might have stayed so."

"Mamie, how can you speak such words? How dare you speak them! Do you forget what has made the change?"

No—Mamie did not forget—but she felt very wicked; and, without heeding her mother's words, she went on with her own thoughtless ones.

"Other girls have all they want to eat and to wear, and plenty of books, and pianos, and every thing else; and they live in houses that are warm from cellar to garret, and ours has just two little stoves, and we never have a fire in but one of those."

"And is not that a good one? And do we not have what many poor sufferers do not, plenty of good warm bedding? Do we not have every thing we really need? You certainly never go hungry or cold, and if your dress is one you have had for some time, it is warm, and respectable in every way."

"Of course I'm not starving. But Ella Stout says they have two or three courses at dinner, besides the dessert, every day. And she has oceans of new dresses; and she rides to school whenever she wants to."

"You are not Ella Stout."

"I'm sure I wish I was."

Mrs. Gray did not say any more. Her daughter's discontented spirit troubled her very much. She had often talked to her about it, and had sometimes thought that she would take her from school. She seemed to have fallen in with a class of girls whose circumstances in life were such that intimacy with them made Mamie unhappy. Certain it was that she daily became more and more dissatisfied.

Mrs. Gray sat stitching and thinking long after Mamie had forgotten her troubles in sleep. What could she do with her child? At last she decided to take her where she could see what true poverty and suffering were. So the next Saturday she asked Mamie to go with her to purchase some household necessities. While they were down street she took her into an alley where she had herself often been. There Mamie saw poverty in its saddest stage. There were not only the poor, suffering from cold and hunger, but there were the maimed, and the deformed, and the blind. Just before entering one of the rooms which they visited Mrs. Gray handed a little package to Mamie.

"Here, my daughter, while we are in here I want you to open this and distribute the contents among the children."

Greatly to Mamie's chagrin she found the package to contain five cold boiled potatoes. While she stood, wondering what she should do, one of the little ones came up and peered into the paper.

"They are for you," said Mrs. Gray; for Mamie would not speak.

The child seized the potatoes, and cried out to his brother and sisters, "O come see! There's five of 'em!"

Yes, there were five potatoes, and but four children. Mamie looked on in mute astonishment as they took each one, and carried the fifth to the mother, who took it almost as eagerly as the children had snatched theirs.

Surely, thought Mrs. Gray, "this will be a lesson to her. I shall hear no more complaints."

But Mamie's first words, as they reached the street, were, "I hope you will never take me to see such horrid children again. For my part I do n't see why all the poor people in Europe need come here to live."

The days went by, and Mamie's tones were as disagreeable as ever—her home tones I mean. At school her words were sweet and winning: but for the poor mother, who toiled early and late, she had only petulant, murmuring ones. So the mother wearily toiled still later into the night, until, at last, her health gave way. Then Mamie had to stay from school, and do what she had never been called upon to do—all the household work. She was so tired one evening that she fell asleep in her chair. She dreamed that while she sat watching by her mother's bedside she saw a number of mysterious forms enter the room and begin to remove the different articles of furniture. One by one the pieces disappeared, until nothing remained but the bed upon which her mother lay, and the chair in which she herself was sitting. Then four figures—more singular in form even than the others had been—entered and raised the bed, with her mother still upon it. In vain she begged and implored them to set it down. They only shook their weird-looking heads, and pointed, with their long, bony fingers, down a narrow street, where, far in the distance, she could see the slowly moving procession, bearing away all their household goods. Then she grew so cold—and shuddering, Mamie awoke.

She looked around her, still bewildered, crossed the room and touched her mother, to make sure it was a dream. Still shudder-

ing, she sat down again. It had been so real! Could it be only a dream?

"Mamie, dear," said her mother's gentle voice, "I think the fire is getting down. It seems very cold here."

Mamie sprang up, and hastened to rekindle the fire, which was nearly out. Her little fingers worked more nimbly than they had ever worked before. What if her dream were to come true? She had heard of persons becoming so poor that every thing had to be taken to the pawn-brokers. And O! what if her mother should die? While Mamie kindled the fire another fire was lighted, which was to burn long after this was out. It was the fire of love in her heart.

She never told her mother of her dream. Mrs. Gray knew her earnest prayers were at last answered, and that her little daughter had become the loving child for which she had so fervently prayed. But how God had wrought the change she never knew. No more murmuring words came from Mamie's lips. Her mother's toils were now lightened by her helping hand. Peace had come to bring that blessing which follows neither poverty nor wealth, but only the contented mind.

#### SOPHIE'S DISOBEDIENCE.

SOPHIE CLEVELAND was an only daughter, and, at the time of which I write, an only child. Some years before Death had deprived her of the companionship of two lovely little brothers, and Sophie was left alone. But Sophie had a kind father and mother, who indulged her, as far as their means allowed, in every reasonable wish. Her parents loved her dearly. Still their love did not blind them to their little daughter's faults; but they earnestly strove to correct them, and to guide her feet in the right path. Sophie was not a handsome child, but just about average-looking, with light-brown, even hair, dark-blue eyes, and was rather small of her age, although she felt very large, or was, as she expressed it, "almost a young lady."

Mr. Cleveland resided in a quiet little community, in the western part of our noble Empire State, and Sophie attended the district school, which was but a short distance from her father's dwelling. She loved to go to school, and was much attached to her teacher, Miss Fanny B., a lady in every sense of the word, and a very good teacher.

Sophie's attainments in knowledge were about what might be expected of a little girl of nine

years of age. She loved to read, spell, and write better than many little girls I have seen. In this school every Wednesday afternoon was devoted to declamation, composition, spelling down, doing fancy work, etc. Sophie was always glad when Wednesday came. She was once promoted to the high honor of editing the weekly paper, entitled "*The Floral Wreath*," which, with some assistance from her parents, she succeeded in doing quite creditably. But Sophie was very fond of play, as well as study. O what grand fun she had when, at recess or nooning, she rolled the soft clay into marbles, which, though not a very neat pastime for a little girl, was one in which she delighted; or, making dirt-pies and puddings, and baking them in the oven, built of stone, with mud in place of mortar, which the large boys kindly made for the little girls! Directly back of the school-house, and separated from the yard by a low rail-fence, was a meadow or pasture, in which the children used frequently to play. Through this pasture, scattered here and there, were clumps of willow and tag-alder; and in one part of the pasture was a marsh, which, in mid-summer, was quite dry. A beaten path lay through this marsh, and over it the children delighted to pass—at least those who did not stand in mortal terror of snakes; for, although none had ever been seen, yet who could tell how soon they might be! Sophie was not afraid of snakes; for she knew those in that part of the country were not poisonous; so she laughed at all such fears, and enjoyed her play without apprehension. How many pleasant hours were spent by the merry girls and boys in that green meadow!

"Ma," said Sophie, as she was preparing for school one bright, warm Monday morning—"Ma, do let me go barefooted to-day; it is so very warm!"

But Mrs. Cleveland thought it not best, so she said,

"No, Sophie; I am afraid you will get glass into your feet, or hurt them in some way. But you may go without your stockings, if you wish."

Probably there arose some murmuring in Sophie's mind; but, whatever she felt, she did not express it; neither did she tease her mother, for teasing was never allowed by Mrs. Cleveland. So she started for school. The forenoon passed off pleasantly. Noon came, and with it came Sophie to her dinner. Back again to school, when books were resumed, lessons learned and recited, until time for girls' recess.

"O how warm it is to-day! I do wish I

could pull off my shoes, and go barefooted just during recess," thought Sophie.

You may be sure that Satan was at her elbow just then, tempting her to do wrong, just as he tempted Eve in the garden, when the world was new. He helped Sophie to think, "I won't hurt my feet. Ma is always afraid something will happen; and, besides, she never will know it."

So she yielded to the temptation; off came the shoes, and away she ran to play with the other girls in the pasture. But she played with a troubled conscience. Not having been in the field since the Friday before, they did not notice that some one had cut down all the scattering bushes. Running about as usual, all at once Sophie uttered a piercing scream, which brought the children clustering about her to inquire into the cause of her trouble. In running she had set her naked foot on the stub of a small bush, and its sharp point had struck in among the tender cords in the hollow of the foot, causing exquisite pain. O how heartily she wished she had minded her mother! And then came the thought of the punishment, which she knew she richly merited. Added to the pain of the wound was that of her conscience, which would not be quieted.

Her mates helped her back to the school-house, where they bathed her foot with cool water, and did all in their power to ease it. Sophie put on her shoes again, and waited until school was dismissed for the night; then, leaning on the arm of one of her little friends, she slowly limped along, dreading to meet her mother's inquiring glance. When she came within sight of the house she tried to walk as usual, and avoid any suspicion or inquiry. How differently would Sophie have acted if the wound had not come through disobedience? She would have been anxious to relate the circumstances of the accident, in anticipation of her mother's ready sympathy. But now she strove to hide the matter, and to put off the dreaded moment of disclosure as long as possible. She managed to eat her supper, and, although her foot was paining her severely, took the dish-towel, at her mother's request, to wipe the dishes.

By this time she could not bear her weight on the injured foot; so, drawing a chair to the table, she laid her knee on it, and commenced wiping the dishes. But her mother thought this an awkward move; so she told Sophie to set the chair back. Sophie could endure no more, and, bursting into tears, explained the matter to her astonished mother as well as she could for the sobs which choked her. Placing her in a chair, Mrs. Cleveland with difficulty removed

the shoe, and started in alarm as she saw the foot was badly swollen. She said nothing to Sophie at this time of her disobedience, well knowing she was suffering in mind as well as body, and was already sufficiently punished. Mrs. Cleveland hastened to put on something to relieve the pain; but the foot kept on swelling day after day, until it bore scarcely the semblance of a human foot, and there was great danger of her losing it entirely. Sophie was obliged to keep her bed for a long time, and it was nearly six weeks before she could walk again. Her mother talked with her of the sin of disobedience: and Sophie became truly penitent, and sought and found forgiveness, both of her mother and of God.

Sophie is now a woman; but she still carries the scar left by that ugly wound, and probably will carry it as long as she lives. O, it is a sad thing for children to disobey their parents! for, although they may not meet the consequences immediately, as Sophie did, yet the great God above, whose command is, "Children, obey your parents," and whose eye is ever upon us all, will truly enter it against them; and, unless they truly repent and obtain forgiveness, they can never dwell in heaven, with Jesus and the holy angels.

#### THE PROMISE.

AS Alice M'Carty came out of the gate at the little parsonage, she found herself face to face with her father. He had been drinking, as usual, and his features were inflamed with heat and anger.

"Where have you been?" he demanded, roughly.

"At the minister's Saturday class," answered Alice.

"What were you doing?"

"Studying the Bible."

"Now look here, girl, I gave you leave to go to school on Sundays, and that's quite enough. I'm not going to have you wasting your time in this way. You can find plenty to do at home, without running round to the parson's so often. Now mind!" he added, raising his right-hand threateningly, "you do n't set your feet there again."

Alice turned tremblingly away, and with a sinking heart bent her steps homeward. To give up her precious Bible class when she was just beginning to feel the value of the lessons she learned there—O! she could not do it. When out of her father's sight, she sat down on the grass and cried; but in the midst of her grief a verse that had been in the afternoon's

lesson came to her mind—"Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

"It is God's promise," thought Alice, "and he will keep it. I will call upon him, and I know that he will deliver me." She knelt in the grass and told her new trouble to Him who listens to the cry of the humble. There was no sound in answer; God did not speak from the clouds, nor send an angel with his reply, but Alice had the sure word of his promise to abide by, and with it she was content—"I will deliver thee."

The week passed away. Alice prayed daily, and waited in faith for an answer. On Saturday morning, as she was busy sewing, her father came in. It was an unusual hour for him to be at home, and a rare thing to see him with so pale a face. He dropped into the nearest chair, and buried his face in his hands.

"Father, what is the matter?" exclaimed Alice.

"Peter Hanlan is dead," he groaned; "killed just in a second. He had taken my place only a moment before, or else it would have been me."

"O, father!" said Alice, "I am so thankful it was not you. I know that Peter was a Christian."

She said no more; her father remained silent for a long time, and then said, huskily, "Alice, I guess I'll go with you to church to-morrow; and you need n't mind what I said about your Bible class—go, if you like."

"O, I thank you, father!" said Alice, and with a feeling of wondering gratitude, she went to her room to return thanks to Him who had not only answered her prayer, but given her so much more than she had asked, by inclining her father's heart to listen to the words of eternal life.

It was a precious lesson to Alice. Thenceforth, in every trial, every grief, she carried her sorrows to her Heavenly Father, and, throughout her life, had often cause to "glorify him who delivered, when she called upon him in the day of trouble."

CHILDREN, do not form the habit of making excuses. Remember what the old proverb says, "A man who is good at making excuses is good for nothing else." If you have done wrong, be willing to confess it. Do not try to hide it, or to throw the blame on another. You will gain nothing by concealing or excusing a fault; but, while confession is good, there is nothing better than amendment.



# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

## Gatherings of the Month.

THE CHRISTIAN RESURRECTION.—Christ and the apostles assure us that all that are in the graves shall come forth, that the vile bodies of the righteous—the bodies of their humiliation—shall be changed, and made like unto the glorious body of our Lord Jesus Christ—changed from corruption to incorruption; from dishonor to glory; from weakness to power; from the animal to the pneumatic state, highly refined and sublimated. As the glorified body of Christ in his ascension was developed out of the identical body which was laid in the tomb, and rose from it, so, as our ascension will take place in the moment of our resurrection, our glorified bodies shall be developed out of the bodies which were laid in the graves, cast into the sea, or otherwise disposed of, after death.

"The greedy sea shall yield her dead,  
The earth no more her slain conceal."

Hence, the ancient creeds speak of the resurrection of the body—some of them use the word *flesh—sarx, caro, for soma, corpus*. This has been the established doctrine of the Catholic Church in every age. Our burial service recognizes it from beginning to end—so do our catechisms, institutes, sermons, hymns, etc.

Some may think that it makes no difference whether the gases and earths which shall constitute the material frame after the resurrection shall be the identical particles which constituted it when laid in the grave, provided they are so combined that the resurrection body shall bear some resemblance to the body before death, and be adapted to the same spirit by which that body was informed. Perhaps not. But perhaps it does make a difference. The great law of congruity may require just such a personal identity as that which is involved in the construction of the resurrection body out of the same materials which entered into the body at death; and, for this reason, the great miracle which shall be wrought in the last day is styled a resurrection—a getting up again—and not the creation of a new body. Divine omnipotence and omniscience can collect the scattered atoms of the body, refine and exalt them, and so compound them that every form and feature shall be heavenly and divine. It will afford us satisfaction to know that the material elements of our immortal bodies are the same which we possessed when our spirits were united to them in our life upon the earth. No matter how they were degraded by sin, by disease, by corruption, by admix-

ture with other bodies. He who is able to subdue all things unto Himself, shall change them, and make them like his own. As Donne quaintly says:

"As men of China, after an age's stay,  
Do take up porcelain, where they buried clay,  
So at this grave, her limbec, which refines  
The diamonds, rubies, sapphires, pearls, and mines,  
Of which this flesh was, her soul shall inspire  
Flesh of such stuff, as God, when his last fire  
Annuls this world, to recompense it shall  
Make and name them th' elixir of this all."

CHRIST'S INTERCESSION.—Christ stands our factor and security, to answer the claims of law and sovereignty, to undertake our case, to represent us and our wants, and express our petitions in his own utterance. He stands there to urge the merit of his obedience, the sufficiency of his righteousness, the complete expiation by his death. His intercession is a recommendation of us to mercy on the ground of what he has done to satisfy for us the demands of law. Silently there the scars of Calvary plead. The print of the nails; the mark of the spear and the thorns address their mute eloquent language to the throne. The interpretation of their tongueless dialect is, "Behold I suffered for these rebels; I died for them; I have fulfilled their sentence; I have paid their ransom; I have bought off, at the price, the claims of justice—let them be spared—let them go free. See here, on my head, and hands, and feet the executed wrath which they had provoked—by my death, in which they trust, let them live!"

You have read, some of you, the story of Grecian Æschylus—poet and warrior. With his brothers he had poured out his blood freely in many a storied field that had turned back the tide of invasion. He had fought at Marathon, and bled at Plataea and Salamis. But his fickle countrymen, forgetting the claims both of his genius and valor, in the heat of a sudden prejudice arraigned him as an enemy to the state, and clamored for his life. A hurried mock trial—a hasty condemnation, and he is about to be led forth to execution. None of his friends dare to lift a voice in his favor, lest they should share his fate. A single form, parting the tumultuous crowd before him, approaches the tribunal. It is Aminius, the brother of the condemned. He throws off his cloak, and presents to the view of the Judges his *maimed right arm*. The hand was lost in the sea-fight at Salamis. He adds no word, but the forgotten heroism of the brothers, witnessed so often in

perilous times, for their country's deliverance, comes rushing upon their thoughts at that touching sight, and the shout of the moved assembly, "*He shall not die*," reverses the sentence of doom. So plead for us those signs of the cross in the person of Jesus.

**NOVEL READING.**—It is possible to get so entangled in a mesh of fictitious incidents, that though you know, or soon suspect, the novel to be unworthy of perusal, you do not like to lay it down till the *dénouement*. Do you ask how you may break the spell and escape? Then I will tell you, provided you will promise to act on my advice. Read any such novel Hebrew fashion; that is, backward; go at once to the end of the third volume, and marry off the heroes and heroines, or drown them, or hang the one, and break the heart of the other, as may be most meet to you and the writer. If, after having thus secured your catastrophe, you can not find heart to "plod your weary way" through the intervening desert of words, depend upon it you will lose nothing by throwing the book aside at once. And further, you may take this also for a rule: if you do not feel, as you read on, that what you read is worth reading for *its own sake*, that you could read it over again with pleasure; if you do not feel that the incidents are naturally conceived, the scenes vividly described, the dialogue dramatic and piquant, the characters sharply drawn, be sure the book is not worth sixpence. No fiction is, *intellectually*, worth any body's reading that has not considerable merit as a work of art; and such works are ever felt to be worth reading again, often with increase of interest. Let me add that if, for a little while, you never read any fiction but such as will bear to be often read, you will need no caution against any of an inferior kind. Your taste will soon become pure and elevated, and you will nauseate a bad novel as you would a dose of tartar emetic.—*Henry Rogers.*

**PARENTAL AUTHORITY.**—There are many families in which parental authority is at a sad discount. Perhaps the father is strong elsewhere, but weak at home. A three or five year old child tyrannizes over him, though he would yield before no opposition outside the family circle. Not that his will is not good for obedience and order on the part of his children; but his parental fondness, and his weakness or vacillation of purpose, ruins all his good plans and gives anarchy almost absolute control of that home which is nearly the sum total of all he cherishes on earth. In his great kindness to his offspring, he is exceedingly cruel. By his submission to all their whims, he cherishes in them passions and dispositions calculated to make them unlovely and unhappy during life, and to ruin them beyond this present time. Their fondness, now fitful and capricious to their parents, will end in contempt and disregard; for that affection which does not carry with it a ruling desire to please its object, is based on selfishness. A filial affection which does not enjoin obedience to parental authority is of a questionable sort. Parents who do not enforce obedience in their families are sowing to reap the reproaches of their children as

well as those of their own consciences, when it will be too late to remedy the disasters in which they will have involved the whole family.

Harshness may enforce obedience, but it will be outward rather than that of the heart. As soon as the yoke of absolute, unfeeling authority can be thrown off, it will be done, and the spirit of recklessness will run rampant, rejoicing in its liberation from a hated yoke.

Firmness, consideration, and love will enable parents to rule in most cases with comparative ease; and those very restraints thrown around their offspring will seem like silken cords rather than fetters of iron. Affection, obedience, and happiness will reign together and foster sweet memories for other years, when the members of the now loving family will be widely scattered. Those memories will be a power in the hour of temptation.—*Religious Telescope.*

**EMPTY HONORS.**—My friends, do you remember that old Scythian custom, when the head of a house died? How he was dressed in his finest dress, and set in his chariot, and carried about to his friends' houses; and each of them placed him at his table's head, and all feasted in his presence! Suppose it were offered to you, in plain words, as it is offered to you in dire facts, that you should gain this Scythian honor gradually, while you yet thought yourself alive. Suppose the offer were this: You shall die slowly; your blood shall daily grow cold, your flesh petrify, your heart beat at last only as a rusty group of iron valves. Your life shall fade from you and sink through the earth into the ice of China; but day by day your body shall be dressed more gayly, and set in higher chariots, and have more orders on its breast, crowns on its head if you will. Men shall bow before it, stare and shout around it, crowd after it up and down the streets; build palaces for it, feast with it at their tables' heads all night long; your soul shall stay enough within it to know what they do, and feel the weight of the golden dress on its shoulder, and the furrow of the crown edge on the skull, no more. Would you take the offer verbally made by the death angel? Would the meanest among us take it, think you?

Yet practically and verily we grasp at it, every one of us, in a measure; many of us grasp at it in its fullness of horror. Every man accepts it who desires to advance in life without knowing what life is; who means only that he is to get more horses, and more footmen, and more fortune, and more public honor, and—not more personal soul. He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer—whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace.—*Ruskin.*

**WAIT.**—Wait, husband, before you wonder audibly why your wife do n't get along with the household responsibilities as your mother did. She is doing her best; and no woman can endure that best to be slighted. Remember the long, weary nights she sat up with the little babe that died; remember the love and care she bestowed upon you when you had that

long fit of illness. Do you think she is made of cast-iron? Wait—wait in silence and forbearance, and the light will come back to her eyes—the old light of the old days.

Wait, wife, before you speak reproachfully to your husband when he comes home late, weary and “out of sorts.” He has worked hard for you all day—perhaps far into the night; he has wrestled hand in hand with care, and selfishness, and greed, and all the demons that follow in the train of money-making. Let home be another atmosphere entirely. Let him feel that there is no other place in the world where he can find peace, and quiet, and perfect love.

**INFLUENCING CHILDREN.**—If you would influence children for the right, win their love. It takes little to do that. A child's heart is warm, ready to give back full measure of love for a tender smile or a helping hand.

Do not repulse them if their caresses are rough, or their rejoicings noisy. What is your rumpled collar or aching head to the harm done when you chill the child's affection? Said a stout, rough farmer to me, “I like Will S.; I have n't seen him for years and years, but I like him. He used to let us go with him to the fields, or off fishing, and took pains to make us happy, as if he thought us of some consequence, if we were n't knee-high.”

Do n't scold them. If you must reprove—and children will respect and love you more if you reprove their faults—let your manner be firm and quiet. No bluster avails with them, but they know at once when you are resolute.

Above all, be sincere. As has been often said, children are the surest of detectives. You can not cheat them with pretense, as you can their elders. To influence them to purity and truth, you must yourself be thoroughly pure and true.

**OVERTAXING CHILDREN'S BRAINS.**—The extent to which over-mental strain is injurious to the young, varies according to the kind and character of work. The endeavor to fill the mind of children with artificial information leads to one of two results. Not unfrequently in the very young it gives rise to direct disease of the brain, to convulsive attacks, or even to epilepsy. In less extreme cases, it causes simple weakness and exhaustion of the mental organs, with irregularity of power. The child may grow up with a memory taxed with technicals, and impressed so forcibly that it is hard to make way for other knowledge, and added to these mischiefs there may be, and often is, the further evil, that the brain, owing to the labor put on it, becomes too fully and easily developed, too firm, and too soon matures, so that it remains throughout manhood always a large child's brain, very wonderful in a child, and equally ridiculous in a man or woman. The development in an excessive degree of one particular faculty is also a common cause of feebleness.—*Dr. Richardson.*

**MINISTERS' NERVES.**—Great drafts are made upon the nervous vitality of that class of men who are enthusiasts in the work of the ministry. With cler-

gymen of stupid temperament—mere blocks of men—there is no danger at this point. The more this latter class rouse themselves, and bestir themselves, and make demands upon their sluggish vitality, the better it is for them, and the more useful they become. But with active, nervous, rapid men, whom a little trouble keeps awake of nights, the case is different. Such men should guard themselves with jealous care, and never make either a useless or wasteful expenditure of their nerve power, for this power is a precious gift. It is a talent, one of the best. You may let it loose always in the delivery of your sermons, and in conversation with individuals about their souls, and in the work of guiding the membership. But do not waste your lightning on things of no account. “It is better to lose a pint of blood from your veins than to have a nerve tapped.” When a man's nerve-power is expended his useful ministry is at an end, even though he be still young.

**FEAR OF FALLING.**—There was a holy man that rarely heard of other men's crimson sins but he usually bedewed the place with his tears, considering that the seeds of those very sins were in his own nature. In thy nature thou hast that which would lead thee, with the Pharisees, to oppose Christ, and, with the soldiers, to crucify Christ. O, what a monster wouldst thou prove, should God but leave thee to act suitably to that sinful and woeful nature of thine! “I have known a good old man,” says Bernard, “who, when he heard of any one that had committed some notorious offense, was wont to say within himself, ‘He fell to-day, so may I to-morrow.’” Now, the reason why humble souls keep up in themselves a holy fear of falling is, because that is the very best way to preserve them in their upward path.—*Brooks.*

**LIKE A GARDEN.**—A Christian Church should be like a garden, in which to raise flowers of beauty and fruits of use, for the glory of God and the good of men. People who enter a Church should enter it in order to grow. This is the object of a Church, as stated by the apostle Paul. It is “to grow up into him in all things, who is the head, even Jesus Christ.” Each Church is, therefore, like a garden, in which plants are put, that they may grow. If this be so, let the Church be made as much as possible like a garden. A garden must have good soil; a sunny exposure, some fence of simple organization round it, yet with gates easily opened; and it must be carefully weeded, and hoed, and watered, and each kind of plant have its own place and room to grow. It should have variety and yet some unity.

**CONSCIENCE.**—In the wildest anarchy of man's insurgent appetites and sins, there is still a reclaiming voice; a voice which, even when in practice disregarded, it is impossible not to own; and to which, at the very moment that we refuse our obedience, we find that we can not refuse the homage of what ourselves do feel and acknowledge to be the best, the highest principles of our nature.—*Chalmers.*

## Contemporary Literature.

THREE-SCORE YEARS AND BEYOND. *By Rev. W. H. De Puy, D. D. Large 8vo. Pp. 512. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.*

This charming book was late in reaching us, or we would have been glad to give it a hearty recommendation to sons and daughters, as a most appropriate and beautiful holiday present to loved parents and grand-parents. But it is never too late for a good and beautiful deed, and, therefore, we will say especially to our lady readers, if God has spared to you the old father, or mother, or grandfather, or grandmother, we are sure you can not do for them a more pleasing thing than to place in their hands this noble book. You will cheer their eyes by its beauty, being printed in large, clear type, easy to be read, and embellished with illustrations of scenes in old age and portraits of venerable men and women. You will gladden their hearts by its cheerful views of old age, and strengthen their faith and hope by its beautiful examples and inspiring sentiments. It is designedly a book for old people, describing the labors, home-life, and closing experiences of a large number of representative men and women. There is no book just like it in the market, and Dr. De Puy has made a most happy hit in supplying this want. There is a place for it in almost every home in our land.

PHYSIOLOGY OF THE SOUL AND INSTINCT, AS DISTINGUISHED FROM MATERIALISM. *With Supplementary Demonstrations of the Divine Communication of the Narratives of Creation and the Flood. By Martyn Paine, A. M., M. D., LL. D. 8vo. Pp. 707. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

Professor Paine is one of the most thorough and careful investigators, one of the most clear and profound thinkers, and one of the most voluminous writers on scientific and correlated subjects which our country has produced. The amount of labor he has given to a vast variety of subjects is really amazing. We are thankful that it has pleased God to grant him a long life. He is a thorough scientist, and at the same time a believer in God and Christian truth. For many years he has been the American breakwater against the tide of European materialism setting in toward this country. He is the natural antagonist of the modern materialistic schools of science. He has been for many years co-professor with Dr. Draper in the same university, and they have been standing at opposite poles of the battery for thirty years, Dr. Draper representing the materialistic side of things and Professor Paine as perseveringly clinging to the Christian, spiritual, and supernatural influences which have their place in

creation and human life. Materialism would explain every thing by invoking the forces of matter, finding even in mental manifestations or soul-life nothing but subtle material forces. Professor Paine clings to the old school, and behind and above all matter finds God and spiritual forces. In the masterly volume before us he comes to the rescue of the very soul itself out of the jaws of this all-devouring materialism. He comes to his work as a scientist, as one of the ablest physiologists of modern times, and out of the intricacies of anatomical demonstrations, and out of the wonderful manifestations of human life, would demonstrate the existence of the soul as an independent, self-acting, immortal, and spiritual essence. This work done, the author then sees the obvious conclusion of our dependence on the great Creative Power, and of our moral and religious responsibilities. Of course an immense field of investigation is gone over in this great volume. The doctrines of Darwin, Spencer, etc., are here examined by a master. He is more bold even than most of our modern theologians, insisting upon the narratives of creation and the Flood as direct revelations by the Creator, and as intended to be received in their obvious sense. It is a masterly work, and will command the attention of students. There is no work extant at all approaching it in a bold and scientific stand for old truths and old Biblical interpretations.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF REV. JOHN WESLEY, M. A. *By the Rev. L. Tyerman. In Three Volumes. Vol. I. Pp. 564. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.*

Mr. Tyerman made himself favorably known to English Methodists, and somewhat also in America, by his "Life and Times of Rev. Samuel Wesley," the father of John and Charles Wesley; but his fame has culminated suddenly in this great work on the life and labors of the founder of Methodism. The Methodist world will promptly give him a unanimous vote of thanks for this great work, and, except for a few reservations with regard to some of his statements as to American Methodism, will crown him as the prince of the biographers of Wesley. The book has already created a wide interest in this country through the English edition, and it will be welcomed from the press of the Harpers. Mr. Tyerman himself answers the question which will arise in the minds of many readers, why this new and elaborate life of Wesley should be published, and why they should be expected to read it? After all there have not been many lives of Wesley; there have been almost innumerable sketches, but Mr. Tyerman enumerates only six deserving the name of "lives." Hampson's was ready for the press when Wesley died; Coke and Moore's, issued in 1792,



was a hasty publication, written to get possession of the market; Whitehead's was composed in the midst of contentions, and was tinged with party feeling; Southey's is full of errors; Moore's, published in 1824, is, to a great extent, a mere reprint of Whitehead's; Watson's, issued in 1831, was "contracted within moderate limits." It has, therefore, long been confessed that a life of Wesley, worthy of the man, was a desideratum. Wesley has yearly been growing in historic fame until now he has become one of the greatest and most interesting studies of the age. "The world wishes to know something more respecting the man who, under God, was the means of bringing about the greatest reformation of modern times." Since the earlier biographers, too, innumerable letters and other manuscripts have come to light, and immense stores of materials bearing upon his life and times that no person had yet taken the trouble to explore. All this new material has been thoroughly examined by the author; his volumes are the results of seventeen years of the gathering and examining of his materials, and his work is a vast repository of facts, making Wesley, to a great extent, his own biographer. The history is incomparably more full than any that has preceded it. The Wesleyan Magazine says of it, "Its thoroughness, frankness, fearlessness, simplicity; bold, yet self-distrusting discrimination; its loving, yet not blind appreciation of its subject; its patient, pains-taking collection of facts and weighing of evidence; its gathering into a focus all the scattered rays of information about Wesley and his work—all this makes one profoundly grateful to Mr. Tyerman. The leading minds of other denominations will welcome this as distinctively the best life of Wesley ever issued."

CHICAGO AND THE GREAT CONFLAGRATION. By Elias Colbert and Everett Chamberlin. With Numerous Illustrations. 8vo. Pp. 524. Chicago: J. S. Goodman & Co. Cincinnati: C. F. Vent.

The terrible conflagration in Chicago will long be remembered as one of the most prominent events of the nineteenth century. Perhaps it is not paralleled in history in the vast loss of property which it involved. The flames swept over an area of more than twenty-one hundred acres, destroying nearly three hundred human lives, reducing seventeen thousand five hundred dwellings to ashes, rendering one hundred thousand persons homeless, and sweeping out of existence two hundred million dollars' worth of property. The present volume is intended to supply the wide-spread popular desire to obtain full and accurate information with regard to the great calamity. It contains a concise *resume* of the previous history of the city; a statement of her condition just before the fire; a graphic account of the great burning; a carefully revised summary of losses of life and property; a description of the aspect of the city after the event; a history of the exertions made to relieve the sufferers; with a review of the efforts made to rebuild the city amid the ashes of its former greatness. The authors were peculiarly fitted for

the preparation of this work; a good map of Chicago accompanies it, and numerous illustrations of scenes and buildings. It is a very complete work.

VIEW OF THE STATE OF EUROPE DURING THE MIDDLE AGES. By Henry Hallam, LL. D., F. R. A. S. By William Smith, D. C. L., LL. D. Large 12mo. Pp. 708. \$2. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: R. Clarke & Co.

This volume takes its place in the admirable series of "Students' Histories" being published by the Harpers, and receives the title of "The Student's History of the Middle Ages." Hallam's great work has long been an accepted standard in this field of history, and nothing is needed but to explain the plan which the editor has adopted in order to bring the large work within one volume, available for the use of students. It is not simply an abridgment; for though some omissions have been made, they are few in amount, and nothing essential or important has been left out. The editor has very judiciously saved much space by simply giving in many cases the conclusions at which the author had arrived, without enumerating the opinions of writers which he mentioned only to reject. A further saving has been effected by abbreviating some of the less important remarks, and by leaving out most of the notes at the foot of the pages containing reference to authorities. While the work has been greatly condensed by the omission of unimportant matter, the editor has also done a good work by incorporating into the text the author's latest researches, with valuable additions from recent writers.

POLITICAL ROMANISM; or, the Secular Policy of the Papal Church. By Rev. G. W. Hughey, of the Southern Illinois Conference. 12mo. Pp. 287. \$1.25. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Carlton & Lanahan.

Political Romanism is an enemy alike of religious freedom and of civil liberty. Its cardinal doctrine is the subordination of the State to the Church. Wherever it possesses the power it uses the secular arm for its own advantage, and domineers over the consciences as well as over the persons of men. It never relaxes its principles, though from the stress of circumstances it sometimes changes its practices. It is unscrupulous, too, in the propagation of its doctrines. It makes use of outrage and insult, of mob violence and intimidations, for it never rebukes these things in its members, or does so only in sham earnestness—as witness the conduct of bishops and priests in the case of the Orange celebration last Summer in New York. It everywhere demands a separate share of public school money. It is a foe of education except where it appoints its own teachers. It brow-beats its communicants, instructs them how to vote at popular elections, and uses the confessional for the securing of its own political ends. Our author wisely calls our attention to these things. He fortifies his positions by reference to Roman Catholic authorities, and urges home his arguments with irresistible force. We need not fear Romanism, so long as we are awake to its power; but let us once fall

asleep and supine before this gigantic despotism, and we shall find ourselves bound hand and foot.

THE MYSTERY OF INIQUITY; *or, Romanism not Christianity.* By Rev. Jesse S. Gilbert, A. M., of the Newark Methodist Episcopal Conference. 12mo. Pp. 244. Newark, N. J.: Ward & Tichenor.

This is another volume in the same general line as the one above noticed, an evidence that the general mind is becoming awaked on the important and threatening relations of Roman Catholicism. The present little volume enters rather into the essential errors of Romanism in doctrines and practice, and is written in popular and attractive style. The author is in earnest, and has taken great pains to secure accuracy of statement, and to do justice in every case to those who maintain opposite views. It is an excellent manual for popular use of the past history and present status of the Romanistic controversy.

GENTLE MEASURES IN THE MANAGEMENT AND TRAINING OF THE YOUNG. By Jacob Abbott. 12mo. Pp. 330. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Jacob Abbott is well known to American readers; he is a leader and prince among writers for young people. In the many admirable and successful books which he has prepared for them, he shows clearly enough his acquaintance with child nature and childhood's needs. In a work from him on the management and training of the young, we would expect good, sound sense, well-considered principles, and practical methods. And here we have them. The book lays down the principles on which a firm parental authority may be established and maintained, without violence or anger, and the right development of the moral and mental capacities be promoted by methods in harmony with the structure and the characteristics of the juvenile mind. "Gentle measures" with this author, do not mean easy and timid indulgence, but only enforce the old adage of government—*suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*—gentleness in the methods, but firmness in the purpose. It is a book that will abundantly repay a careful study.

WOMEN'S WORK FOR JESUS. By Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer. 12mo. Pp. 240. \$1. Philadelphia: Published by the Author.

Mrs. Wittenmeyer and her theme are both well known to the Church. She is a working woman for Jesus, and has thought long, and studied much in gathering the materials for this book, designed to arouse and direct the efforts of women in behalf of the Redeemer's kingdom. Her earnest words are directed to Christian women, not in behalf of home duties, or social rights, or their claims to political preferment, but in behalf of the work which women ought to and may accomplish in and for the Church. More than two-thirds of the members of the Church are women. "What can these women do for Christ and humanity?" is the question asked and answered here. The fields of labor in Christ's cause open to women, their special adaptation to certain departments of Christian labor, their imperative obligation

to be co-workers in the evangelization of the masses, are topics ably and earnestly, and, we may say, lovingly discussed by the author. Get this earnest, live book, and read it. It will be sent to any address by mail for one dollar. Address the author, 1018 Arch-street, Philadelphia.

THE RELIGION OF THE FAMILY. By Rev. I. W. Wiley, D. D. 16mo. Pp. 231. \$1. Gilt, \$1.25. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Carlton & Lanahan.

Of this little volume we have but little to say. Most of its contents appeared in last year's volume of the Repository, and its appearance in its present neat book form is the result of frequent requests that the various articles should be thus gathered into one convenient volume. Several articles have been added to give completeness to the book as a defense of the divine origin, the sacredness, the value, and the inviolability of marriage. We are ourselves surprised to see how handsome a volume the publishers have made of it.

WOMAN'S WORTH AND WORTHLESSNESS. *The Complement to "A New Atmosphere."* By Gail Hamilton. 12mo. Pp. 291. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This we vote to be Gail Hamilton's wisest and best book. The frolics and exuberance of first efforts are over; the erratic ventures of youth are sobered and restrained, and the undoubted genius of the woman now shows itself in clear and broad thinking, in close and judicious discriminations, and in exact and eloquent statement. The author thinks some will accuse her of conversion in her views; we agree with her, that it is not conversion, but growth. She has studied more, seen farther, and her opinions have rather grown broader and larger than changed. She says, "Looking but casually at woman suffrage, I regarded it with indifference. From a careful survey I can not regard it but with apprehension. The more closely I scrutinize it, the more formidable seems to me the revolution which it implies, the more onerous seem the duties which it imposes." In defending her apparent change of views she also says: "I know that I have never swerved a hair's-breadth from my belief that the only way out of our estate of sin and misery is the slow growth of individual excellence, and that it is in the home, in the family, that this excellence must be chiefly nurtured." This is sound thinking. The book is excellent, timely, and will be read with profit.

A HOUSEHOLD BOOK OF SONGS. *For Four Voices.* Collected and Arranged by Francis C. Bowman and Charles A. Dana. Quarto. Pp. 154. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This is a very convenient arrangement of household songs, and ought to become a home favorite. The selection and arrangement are excellent.

THE AMERICAN BARON. *A Novel.* By James De Mille. 8vo. Pp. 132. \$1.25. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

LUCIA: HER PROBLEM. *By Amanda M. Douglas.* 12mo. Pp. 315. \$1.50. New York: Sheldon & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Miss Douglas writes a good story, and in the department of fiction her works are about as good as any. If novels must be read this is as harmless and interesting as can be found.

OUGHT WE TO VISIT HER? *A Novel. By Mrs. Annie Edwards.* 8vo. Pp. 194. \$1.25. New York: Sheldon & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

About the same as the above may be said of the novels of Mrs. Edwards; they will do as little harm as any such stories.

LITTLE-FOLK SONGS. *By Alexina B. White.* Small Quarto. Pp. 94. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

One of those charming books full of wonder, and nonsense, and jingle for little ears that seems indispensable to the nursery. The songs are excellent of their kind, and the mother who buys the book will get much more than the cost of it in rest to herself and smiles from the "wee ones."

THE KATIE JOHNSTONE LIBRARY. *Five Volumes in a Box.* 16mo. Pp. 137, 192, 246, 244, 246. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

These neat volumes are designed for young people of more advanced years, say from twelve to sixteen.

Their titles are: "The Cottagers of Glencarran," by Letitia M'Clintock—it contains a touching picture of religion among the poor, and will profit every young reader; "The Grocer's Boy, or, the Young American who did not Want to be Extraordinary," by Elizabeth Heywood—very interesting for boys; "One of the Billingses, or, Edith's Mistakes," by Elizabeth A. Smith—the girls will be delighted with it; "Emily Milman, or, the Little Sunbeam of the Farmhouse"—admirably written, and beautifully illustrates the happy influence which may be exerted by truly Christian children; "Katie Johnstone's Cross," by A. M. M.—a Canadian story which illustrates how great a blessing may flow from affliction if met and borne in a spirit of faith and Christian cheerfulness. Get these books for the home and the Sunday-school.

BOOKS ABOUT BOYS WHO FOUGHT AND WON. *Four Volumes in a Box.* 18mo. Pp. 110, 124, 122, 190. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

These are interesting and instructive little books for boys of ten or twelve years, well calculated to inspire and encourage them in noble deeds and in firm resistance of wrong. Their titles are, "Irish Jem's Three Trials," by T. Taylor; "Bob, the Boot-Black; the History of Robert Rightheart;" "The Trial of Obedience;" and "Josey, the Runaway, or Beware of Bad Company." They are good books for the little ones.

## Editor's Table.

A NEW METHODIST MAGAZINE.—We are sorry to find that in some quarters our thoughts with regard to a need of further magazine literature in our Church have been misapprehended. Several of our brother editors have at once seen the point, and joined with us in asking for some plan to supply the need; we have also received a number of letters approving our views. Indeed, the want of another magazine seems to be almost universally felt, except where the nature of the proposed magazine has itself been misapprehended. We have only a few words more to say, and these, too, only with a view to making our own position better understood.

And, first, we made no "proposition" so to change the Repository and Quarterly as to meet this want; we only made the suggestion that, if it were thought impossible to sustain an additional magazine, the Quarterly, with a few modifications and issued monthly, could be made to supply the want. We made this suggestion chiefly from the conviction that with our present methods, and our present number of periodicals, another monthly could not be sustained. In this respect we still have very serious doubts. Yet, probably, as the New York Advocate,

and the Western, and several of our correspondents assert, if the magazine were such as to meet fully and ably the want of which we are speaking, it would be sustained. If so, this, of course, is the preferable method; though our own experience has shown us that it is a very costly business to sustain a monthly magazine, and we hesitate to commit the Book Concern to such an experiment.

We are no more desirous than any one else of having our Quarterly changed into any thing else than what it is; of its character and management we have the highest appreciation. Yet, to issue it in monthly numbers, and incorporate with it a much larger amount and greater variety of matter of the kind we have been thinking and writing about, would not greatly change its character, and need not at all lower its standard of excellence. We are not talking about a mere popular monthly magazine. That is not the thing needed. The Church and the country are well supplied with these. References to the *National*, *Harper's Monthly*, *The Atlantic*, *Old and New*, etc., are wide of the mark: and we are not surprised that some, with their minds resting on such a magazine, doubt if there is any such need as we are writ-

ing about. Of course there is no special need in our Church of such a magazine; the Repository and the weeklies supply such literature as far as the Church ought to supply it. Many of our families desire such a magazine as the Harper's, Scribner's, the Atlantic, etc., independently of all that the Church can or ought to supply.

But what is wanted is a strong, able, religious, Methodist magazine, devoted to theology, religion, morals, Church polity, and the current questions of the day in the departments of criticism, science, political economy, etc. There is an ample field here that can not be occupied by any thing we now have. For these fields of literature the Church, we are satisfied, is rich in competent writers. We believe there is no Church in the land better supplied with clear thinkers and strong writers than our own. Their studies and thoughts are of course in the lines of literature above indicated, not in those usually filling the pages of popular monthly magazines. As yet we have no place for these writers where they may express themselves. Every editor in the Church receives quantities of ably written articles which are too long, or too heavy, or too much out of the mere popular line for his use. Give to these writers a magazine in which to give their thoughts to the world, and it would soon be seen that the Church is rich in writers, and equally so in readers who are waiting for such a class of literature. Our only misgiving is with regard to the financial question, and, therefore, we suggested that the want might possibly be met by modifying what we have. But it is a question for the wisdom and good judgment of the General Conference.

**MAP OF BIBLE HISTORY.**—One of the most complete maps of the lands involved in Bible history that has come under our notice, is one prepared and published by Rev. Griffith Morgan, of Indianapolis. It is, in fact, three maps combined in one: the first embraces all the lands of Bible geography, reaching from Media and Parthia on the east to Italy on the west, showing an extent of country two thousand two hundred miles from east to west, and fifteen hundred from north to south; the second exhibits Palestine under the Old Testament dispensation, showing both the old tribal divisions and the subsequent grand divisions of Judea, Samaria, Galilee, and Peræa, and containing more than three hundred towns and cities; the third is Palestine in the days of our Savior, exhibiting the journeyings of Christ from his birth to his ascension. The margins and interspaces of the map are filled with valuable tables, geographical, historical, statistical, etc. It is beautiful in execution, and almost perfect in its arrangement. We are free to say that we have never seen any thing of the kind that has pleased us so well. For the Sunday-school room and the Christian household there is nothing better, if, indeed, there is any thing of the kind to equal it. It has cost the author a vast amount of labor and expense, and we sincerely hope the Christian public will appreciate his labors and reward his work. The map is four by

six feet, and the price ten dollars. Mr. Morgan will send it to any address, express charges prepaid.

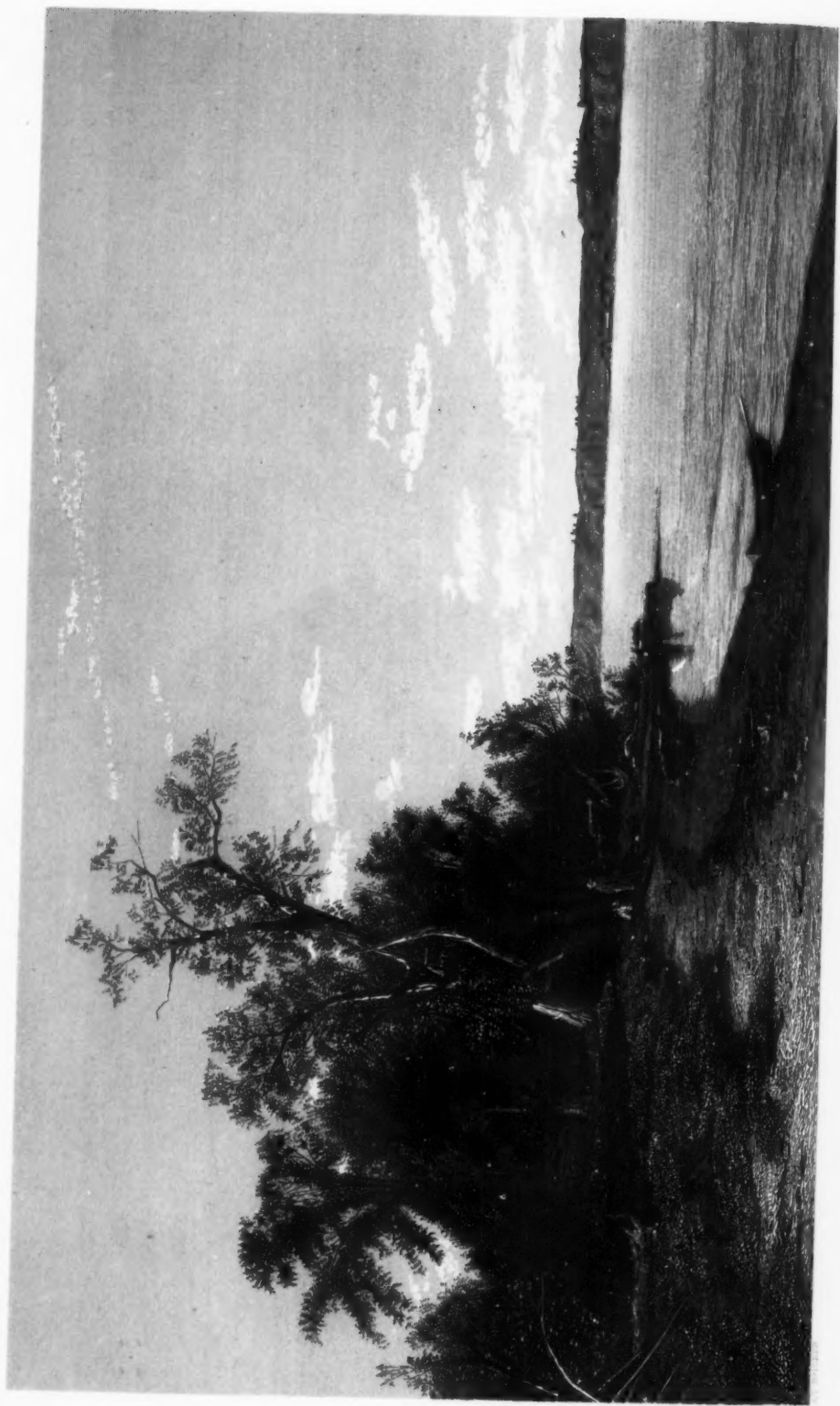
**BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PALESTINE.**—We have received from Professor W. H. Perrine, of Albion College, a beautiful and valuable picture of the Holy Land. It is one of the most striking exhibitions of the general outlines and natural features of Palestine we have yet seen. It is a well-executed chromo, exhibiting in colors the shore-line of Palestine as it stretches along the eastern extremity of the Mediterranean Sea, and also the country as it reaches back beyond the Jordan and the Sea of Galilee. The prominences and indentations of the coast are all given and are striking in their accuracy; and the hills and valleys, the courses of the streams, and the locations of the prominent and interesting places are clearly indicated. One great value of the picture is its accuracy, the relative positions of places and important points being put down by actual measurement. We know of no other way in which so good an idea of the general geographical features of the Holy Land can be obtained, unless by an actual visit. Professor Perrine has made this a labor of love, and has spent a great deal of labor and money in its preparation.

**DEATH OF ISAAC RICH.**—Our readers will have heard, long before these words can reach them, of the death of that princely layman, Isaac Rich. We only mention it to refer our readers to the November number of the Repository for 1868, where will be found an excellent portrait of him and an admirable sketch of his life and character, drawn by the loving hand of his friend, Gilbert Haven. Mr. Rich was a prince in our Israel. Through all his life he was a most generous giver to every good and worthy object. His heart loved Christ and the Church, and his love directed his life. He amassed a great fortune, but took far more pleasure in using it for God than in amassing it. During his life-time he probably gave a half million of dollars to poor churches, and probably as much as three-quarters of a million to purposes of education. In death he still remembered his work and was true to the noble purpose of his life. His fortune, estimated at two millions, he left to the Boston University, a corporation created at his own request. For generations to come his benefactions will be a blessing to the world; thousands will arise and call him blessed. Would to God that thousands also would arise and follow his example!

**A GOOD WORK FOR WOMEN.**—That is a capital good suggestion which Dr. Merrill makes in the Western Christian Advocate, that some of our earnest, thinking women, who are looking out for special fields of Christian effort, should turn their attention to the ample and promising field opened for their labors in behalf of the freedmen of the South. No grander work for Christ can be done at this time than that of furnishing opportunities and facilities for the education of colored young men for the work of preaching the Gospel to their own people. Will not some of our "elect ladies" study up this case, and organize a movement in this direction?



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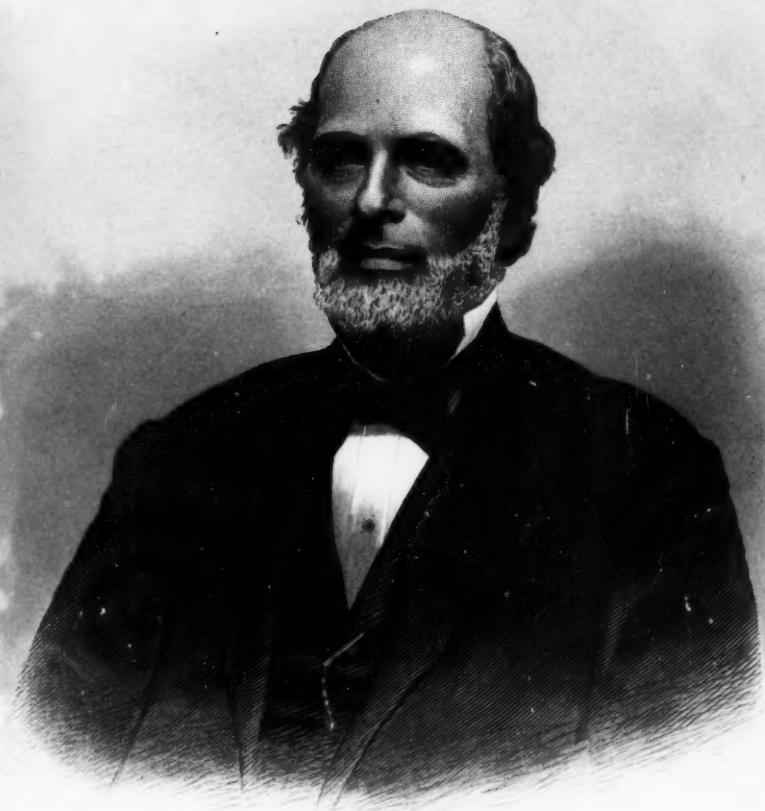
LAKE PEPIN MISS. RIVER.

REPRODUCED BY THE U.S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. W. COOPER.









S. E. Jordan, Sc.

HON GEORGE T COBB

Engraved for the Ladies Repository.